JUNE 23, 1947

New Republic

Henry Wallace:

Oregon

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
LIBRARIES

Mathematics:

The Logical Maniac

Conscription:

Do We Need It?

15 CENTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why the Railroads Can't Afford NOT to Modernize!

A Dollars-and-cents Example That Will Interest Travelers, Labor and Investors

For a long time the C&O has said that America's railroads must modernize their passenger equipment—or forfeit a great opportunity.

In print and in private we have lampooned the "rolling tenements" that still pass for sleeping cars. We have stumped for modern streamlined trains to replace tired, creaking old day coaches. And over and over we have stated that, given attractive equipment, and new comforts and services, railroads could open the door on a new era of travel . . . *The C&O is replacing every old sleeping car, day coach and diner on its main lines with streamlined cars.*

But Is It Practical?

Standpatters in the industry are still shaking their heads. But lately more reasonable people have been asking, "How can the large-scale replacement of old trains be practical?"

They point out that several of our largest systems had serious deficits in 1946. And everyone knows that the railroads are caught between rocketing costs and lagging rates. "How," they ask, "can such an industry afford large outlays for new equipment?"

The answer is that the railroads can't afford *not* to make these outlays. And here is a dollars-and-cents example:

The Investment That Is Fast Returning Its Cost

Last August one of the C&O Lines, the Pere Marquette, installed two new daytime streamliners—the last word in passenger attractiveness.

The new trains have carried 86% *more passengers* than old trains carried over the same route during the same period of the previous year—when traffic was still swollen by war emergencies.

Which will it be—modernization or continued deficits?

Here is the proof of the pudding: In less than 4 years, at the present rate, the *increase in passenger receipts* will equal the total cost of the trains!

Modern equipment is not a luxury that only a few fortunate systems, like the C&O, can afford. Even a bankrupt railroad can borrow money today to buy such equipment at 2% interest.

Which Way Do We Go?

Railroads now face a critical choice: If pessimist thinking, old-line practices and Toonerville equipment continue to be tolerated, then regardless of rate relief, further deficits and bankruptcies are certain.

But, if, on the other hand, these liabilities are replaced by modern ideas and modern trains, our railroads can again be a credit to our country. They can also be a bulwark of our national defense, which, as every citizen knows, depends on a flourishing transportation system.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Lines

Terminal Tower, Cleveland 1, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Republic

CONTENTS FOR JUNE 23, 1947

3 Washington Wire
5 News in Focus
11 Editorial
12 Henry Wallace
14 Calculating Machines
19 Cross Country
24 "Sister Carrie"
27 Books in Review
30 Farm
31 Radio
32 Labor
34 Movies
35 United Nations News
36 Correspondence
38 Music
38 Bandwagon

EDITOR: *Henry A. Wallace*

PUBLISHER: *Michael Straight*

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: *William D. Patterson*

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: *Bruce Bliven*

EXECUTIVE EDITOR: *Francis Brennan*

MANAGING EDITOR: *Norman Grieser*

WASHINGTON EDITOR: *William Walton*

SENIOR EDITORS: *Helen Fuller, William Harlan Hale, Robert Hatch, James P. Newman, Theodore H. White*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: *Elizabeth Huling, George Mayberry*

ASSOCIATE ART EDITOR: *James Grunbaum*

ASSISTANT EDITORS: *Jane Bedell, Jean Begeman, Lynn Chase, Jan Hasbrouck, Graham Hovey, Joe Lyford, Richard Strouse, Thomas Whiteside*

STAFF CONTRIBUTORS: *Saul Carson, Malcolm Cowley, Ralph G. Martin, Angus McDonald, Charles Miller, Shirley O'Hara, Thomas Reynolds, Vincent Sheean, Willard Shelton, Cecil Smith, Stark Young*

LIBRARIAN: *Patricia Kuhnel*

RESEARCHERS: *Elizabeth Bigler, Barbara Greenfeld, Naomi Horowitz, Sally Howell, Rita Raphael, Ruth Tarcov, Myriam Wilson*

TREASURER: *Daniel Mebane*

ADVERTISING MANAGER: *E. G. Wood*

CIRCULATION MANAGER: *Eric Shumway*

PRODUCTION MANAGER: *Anthony J. Ballo*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1947, IN THE U. S. A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY, 15¢; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; CANADA & FOREIGN, SEVEN DOLLARS. PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Washington Wire

Good Gray ex-President

IN the face of the onrushing world dollar crisis, the outlines of the vast new American aid program begin to take shape. This is what the Truman Doctrine should have done at the outset. The Administration's crucial job of "selling" the program is now under way. Each new official speech carries the affair one step further. Marshall at Harvard cited the need for European self-aid; Truman carefully declared that Russia is invited to participate, if she'll coöperate; State Department counselor Ben Cohen on the West Coast indicated the size—"As much as $5 or $6 billion a year for another three or four years." Hints are being dropped of a special session this fall, devoted to foreign affairs alone.

Will Congress balk? The world must have this aid ultimately, and America's own prosperity depends on it. It is probably fair to say that the big test of our times is now approaching. How difficult the task is under our system can be seen in the wool bill. Higher wool tariffs will aid only a fractional percentage of America's industrialists and will wreck the whole drive for freer world trade. Yet the high-tariff wool bill passed the House, 151 to 65, without a record vote and with only half of the 435 members present—and Senate-House conferees now approve it. Can our cumbersome, divided system of government really cope with world problems? We solemnly record that, as of this date, we can't guess the answer.

GOOD old Herbert Hoover is back. It seems that American inflation isn't due to ending the OPA at all, but to sending too much abroad, just as Taft said. In his letter to Senator Bridges (R, N. H.), Hoover (who seemed to be advocating separate peace treaties the other day) now says we must cut down exports to save our own economy. Otherwise, he adds (self-contradictorily), we must put it all on a charitable basis. Some people, Hoover acknowledges, want to restore price and export controls to meet the crisis, but that is "totalitarian."

It has always been pretty hard for us to follow poor, dear Hoover. In this case we fear a great many conservative Republicans are going to hail his letter as a challenge to Marshall. At heart, though, Hoover is an honest, soul-searching humanitarian. He wants to be rehabilitated as the Good Gray ex-President. If the Truman-Marshall program is to go through, men like Hoover have got to be convinced. Maybe it is folly, but this column recommends that Hoover be put on the top-level, bipartisan council which Vandenberg proposes to advise the President and Congress on multi-billion-dollar spending. Then all the other council members can work on Hoover. We might as well face it—the new program must have Republican support. If Hoover will go along, then anybody ought to go along.

THE Taft-Hartley labor bill is an interesting barometer of the political weather in this year of a Republican Congress. More than that, as a piece of legislation it was bound to be an old-fashioned hell-raiser.

Two statements describe the measure, both by its friends. Senator Ball (R, Minn.) said the bill was designed to "put the risk back into striking." Representative Hartley (R, N. J.) said (winking), "There is more in this bill than meets the eye." Truman's advisers on labor matters detect half a dozen "jokers" planted in the bill, one of which would (it was hoped) practically end industrywide bargaining. It was all pretty queer.

Here is one example. The bill heaps economic problems on the enlarged labor board, and then specifically says the board shouldn't employ "economic ana-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the next 17 critical weeks....

may be among the most important weeks of your life, jammed with uncertainties and events which may easily shake our economic and social foundations to their very roots:

- MORE stringent anti-labor bills ahead? What will labor do to combat each new move on the part of the NAM?
- How much further will Peron put Argentina on a WAR FOOTING and threaten her neighbors? Will U. S. support continue?
- What's ahead for the Truman Doctrine? The "Hungary Red Coup" was called an "outrage" by Truman and he says the "U. S. will ACT." How? When?
- Who will run in '48? What are Wallace's views of the political and economic situation in the country today?

These and scores of other pressing questions, so important to your position and future security, are answered week-by-week in the exciting and informative pages of *New Republic*. To stay informed and get a fact-finding, fact-giving weekly report on what's happening in the news and why, subscribe today. 17 weeks for $2 or 52 issues for $6.

Fill out and mail the coupon below today.

New Republic
40 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Send me 17 weeks of the New Republic at trial rate of $2 ☐; *or* 1 year for $6 ☐.
(Canadian & Foreign $2.35 for 17 weeks, $7 a year)
☐ Send bill ☐ Remittance enclosed

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City & Zone*_____
*State*_____
6-23-47

New Republic

17 weeks for $2

lyzers." Just why, we don't know. The new chief counsel of the revised labor board will be something to watch. Such a job creates America's first labor czar, with the board losing all control over him.

But it is provisions like the one forbidding trade-union journals from discussing politics, or even running the voting record of a candidate at election time, that inflame labor leaders. Good old Ed Keating, editor of *Labor* (the organ of the railway brotherhoods), says he would go to jail proudly rather than obey that provision. Who wouldn't? It seems likely that this bill could finally do what nobody had quite thought possible—put the AFL into politics, with its own political subsidiary. We have a feeling that the Taft-Hartley labor bill is going to be remembered for a long, long time.

WE are pretty certain that American veterans don't want better housing. Contrary to reports, they prefer living doubled up with their in-laws, or camping in cubicles where they can have their wives and babies around them, all in the same room.

The important point is that if veterans wanted better housing, they could get it. They are the biggest potential political force in America today. This past week they watched real-estate and building lobbies, acting through Congress, finally destroy the government housing program. It's "a complete failure," said the House Appropriations Committee gleefully, slashing the last funds. Is the American Legion doing anything? Sure! It's awfully busy right now, sponsoring mass meetings in all the big cities to rouse popular support for larger aviation funds for the War Department. But federal aid to housing for vets? Certainly not! The legion strongly opposes even the conservative Taft-Ellender-Wagner housing bill.

American veterans believe in free enterprise—they fought, bled and died for it, according to the real-estate lobby. Now the lobby is out to protect them in their inalienable right to double up with their in-laws, or to camp under a nice bridge of some favorite railroad—if they like that better.

Washington T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Republic

VOLUME 116, NUMBER 25, ISSUE 1699, NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 23, 1947

News in Focus

Waterfront Dispute

THE dispute between the five CIO maritime unions and the shipowners this year began quite differently from the tough, bloody wrangles of prewar days. This time each side was ticking off its points calmly and confidently, but carrying a big stick.

The union club: 200,000 seamen without whose services the world's greatest merchant fleet must stand idle. The operators were counting on delivery of a legal battering-ram—a Taft-Hartley bill enacted into law.

The trouble began in the West when Pacific ship operators extended the contracts of the two most powerful unions —Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen and Warehousemen, and the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association —and left the two remaining groups out in the cold. The Merchant Cooks' and Stewards' contract was canceled, a virtual lockout in union eyes. The American Communications Association received bland refusals to its demand for upward revision of its old contract, which expired June 15.

Bridges' ILWU and the Engineers declared from the start that unless the two other unions were signed, all contracts were null and void.

The operators' strategy seemed aimed at capitalizing on the Taft-Hartley bill's provision banning secondary boycotts. Thus, it seemed, the operators could lock out the stewards and provoke the ILWU into just such a boycott.

On the East Coast, Joe Curran's tough National Maritime Union was negotiating contract demands, different in details, but similar to those sought in the West. Curran and the leaders of the East Coast Engineers' and the Radio Operators' locals let it be known from the start that any settlements reached in New York were contingent on the smaller West Coast unions obtaining their demands. Unless all unions on both fronts were solidly signed, individual settlements would be useless, and everybody on both sides was firmly and quietly aware of that long before the deadline was reached.

When a Marine Dies

EVANS FORDYCE CARLSON, Brigadier General, USMC, died without funds, Portland, Oregon, May 27, 1947.

Mortuary, coffin and transportation expenses: Paid by James Roosevelt.

Hospital and doctor expenses: Paid by a friend.

Transportation of Mrs. Carlson to funeral: Paid by Edgar Snow.

Six feet of quiet green ground in Arlington: Gift of a generous government.

Comment: "One does not learn with relish of the death of anyone who was in the Marine Corps." – A. A. Vandegrift, Commandant, USMC.

The Stop-Lewis Bill

EVER since the Republican Congress began work on the Taft-Hartley labor bill, employers, reading the extreme preliminary draft, felt good. Even reasonable managements stalled decisions. Labor has been growing apprehensive, then bitter. A feeling has been nurtured on both sides that "the big showdown" is at hand.

The coal industry is a case in point—*the* point. For the Taft-Hartley bill is the stop-Lewis bill. On June 30 all agreements between the United Mine Workers and the operators will end, and new contracts must be negotiated with no third party looking on. The Coal Mines Administration, which also expires June 30, brought the UMW and the Northern and Western operators together in Washington in May. When the Taft-Hartley bill was passed by large majorities in both Houses, the operators broke off the negotiations. They wanted to wait and see.

However, the talks will doubtless resume, for neither Lewis nor the Northern and Western operators want a strike. The operators are getting good prices and the export market is taking up the slack—that is to say, the coal which is hard to market here. UMW members are pinched for money after previous stoppages. Lewis probably will ask an increase of about 35 cents in the basic wage rate of $1.18½. But that may be negotiable. What Lewis really wants is to get the miners close to their present $75.25 weekly take-home pay with a shorter work day and work week. By various devices, such as portal-to-portal provisions and payment for lunch periods, he can make it at a lower figure. Lewis is also asking 10 cents per ton instead of the present five for the welfare fund. That, too, may be negotiable.

Lewis' most compelling reason for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Report from Moscow

by Alexander Kendrick

UNLIKE Truman, the Russians one talks to here find nothing outrageous in the recent changes in the Hungarian cabinet. Muscovites hear that two Smallholders' Party cabinet members have been replaced by two other Smallholders, and that the replacements are more friendly to the Soviet Union than their predecessors. They ask, "What's wrong with that?"

First of all, since the Carpatho-Ukraine has been part of the Soviet Union, Hungary has again become a direct neighbor of the Russians. In addition to the Soviet desire for a friendly, or at least non-hostile regime, security is involved—and Soviet security is always the major consideration in any Russian discussion of international affairs.

Second, the fate of the short-lived Hungarian Republic in 1919, Allied intervention, the Hoover food policy, and the Horthy counter-revolution which kept Hungary feudalistic for 20 more years, are remembered poignantly here. The Soviet Union was attacked and occupied by Hungarian Fascist troops carrying Horthy's banners, and the Red Army knocked Hungary out of the Axis.

Third, Horthy himself, at last reports, was living very comfortably at Weilheim in the American zone of Germany. Thousands of his supporters are still in the western zones of Germany and Austria as DP's.

Alexander Kendrick is the Moscow correspondent of the Chicago Sun.

Fourth, during the war the United States State Department, while flirting with Otto of Austria, was also giving open encouragement to Tibor Eckhardt, who, before he founded the Smallholders' Party, was Horthy's closest associate. Eckhardt is still in America, and, according to testimony given by Ferenc Nagy's secretary, the former Prime Minister communicated regularly with Eckhardt. Now Nagy himself is in America.

Fifth, last summer at the Paris Peace Conference, which Hungary attended as one of the vanquished satellites, that country was then believed "salvageable" by American diplomats, and open support was given its territorial and minority claims against Czechoslovakia by General Walter Bedell Smith, now the US Ambassador to Moscow. Smith was the American member on the Hungarian Commission at the conference, and he frankly explained to the Czechoslovaks that he was out to "save Hungary from communism."

Sixth, Anglo-American diplomats here readily admit that there was indeed a plot in Hungary, and ask how it could have been otherwise. The Truman Doctrine makes American encouragement of the conservative wing in Hungary an obvious policy.

ALL of these factors in the situation are without reference to Hungarian internal affairs. There appears little doubt that the Smallholders' Party was being used by some of its leaders as the last refuge of conservatism and that the left wing's demand for nationalization of the banks brought events to a climax. Moreover, ratification of the peace treaty would mean the withdrawal of a large part of the Soviet forces.

On the other side there is also little doubt that under a coalition government leaning toward the Left, Hungary solved many of her postwar problems, including inflation. Feudalism has been ended by agrarian reform and there has been a marked resumption of industry.

wanting a contract with the Northern and Western operators is that he knows there is a fight ahead with the Southern mine owners and he doesn't want to call an "industry-crippling" strike. The Southern operators, who represent the greatest concentration of eighteenth-century social thought in America, are looking forward to their release from government supervision on June 30 as their chance, in a propitious national climate, to "get Lewis" at long last. It was they who were largely responsible for getting the restriction on the unionization of foremen and the prohibition of union-welfare funds written into the original Taft-Hartley bill.

So far the Southern operators have negotiated only perfunctorily, and the operators who have mines in both districts have allowed their Southern managers to stick with the "now's-our-chance" boys. The Southerners' case is pretty flimsy, but if it can stall negotiations they hope it can break the UMW.

Under the government-fostered industrywide bargaining of recent years there is no North-South wage differential. The Southern operators say they need one because of discriminatory freight rates, distance from the market and other reasons. Actually, superior mechanization of their mines and excellent down-hill freight rates to Great Lakes ports and to Norfolk, whence they ship by boat, have enabled them to undercut the market in the Lakes region and in New England. The Southerners sell 80 percent of their output in the North. Business is good and could remain good under an industrywide contract. But the Southern operators are more concerned with Lewis, just now, than with profits. They are looking to June 30 as D-Day.

Ironically enough, the Taft-Hartley bill is a wooden sword when aimed at a modern tactician like Lewis. To be sure, it provides for anti-strike injunctions. But there will be no strike; after June 30 the miners will simply regard themselves as unemployed. And even if some miracle caused the miners to break their no-contract-no-work tradition, what body could set the wages and conditions of work? Certainly no court. Actually, the operators are counting on anti-Lewis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feeling, incidents and a carefully fanned national reaction to work on their side.

But will it work? The coal business is good, and the one thing which really dilutes the zeal of a Southern operator is fear of losing the Northern market. As soon as the Northern and Western mines have signed, most of the Southerners will fall into line, surely without grace but with dispatch. That basic condition will remain as long as Europe needs 50 million tons of American coal each year and will pay high prices for anything that will burn. The coal which must go abroad for at least five years more comes almost exclusively from the Appalachian region, for geographical reasons, and this is the UMW heartland. Europe's need is Lewis' strength.

No legislation which could conceivably get through Congress can seriously hurt Lewis' UMW. Taft-Hartley bills can give employers hope, but it remains to be proved whether they can bust unions and effectively turn back the clock.

Who Is Un-American?

SIXTEEN members of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, cited for contempt of Congress because they refused to show the House Un-American Activities Committee their records, are determined to find out where the power of a congressional committee ends.

Defense counsel O. John Rogge contends that the prosecution is "an attack against the civil rights and liberties of the people." Rogge argues that the resolution setting up the House Un-American Activities Committee did not lay down "determinable standards" defining the scope of the committee's power to investigate. No common definition of the words "un-American" and "subversive" had been propounded. He charges that the committee "neither recognizes nor adheres to any standard in its investigations into propaganda activities which are 'un-American.' Its admitted limitations are responsive only to whim, expediency and the opportunity of the moment."

The Wood-Rankin committee in 1945 called on the anti-Fascists to protest.

Motorman Reilly Obeys the Rules

NEW YORK CITY'S 1,257-mile municipal subway system is the biggest and fastest in the world. Its trains have personality—nowhere else do the cars rattle and sway with the slapdash abandon of a Lexington Avenue Express. And on weekday afternoons, around 5:30, the greatest show under the earth takes place on the subway platforms: the Rush Hour, when collective society gathers itself into its most compact form to squash through the turnstiles. The admission charge is one nickel.

Approximately 80 percent of the subway's 29,000 civil-service employees are members of the Transport Workers' Union, headed by Michael J. Quill, a Communist to his enemies but an able and vocal leader to his friends. Under Quill, who is also a city councilman, the subway men have become an important factor in city politics.

The TWU recently engaged in a two-week battle with the New York Board of Transportation over the board's general labor policies. During the struggle, the union revealed that the board had been skimping on allegedly essential equipment inspections in order to save money.

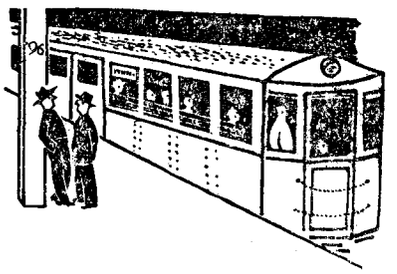
New York State has a Condon-Wadlin Act. This forbids civil-service employees from striking, much as the Taft-Hartley bill, recently passed in Congress and now awaiting the President's signature or veto, would restrict the right to strike in basic industries. In the face of this Act, the TWU apparently had no way of persuading the board to give union grievances proper consideration. The board had refused to discuss the situation, seemingly confident in the protection afforded by the Condon-Wadlin Act.

It was then that the subway men showed they could fight back within the boundaries of the anti-strike law. Motormen, dispatchers, flagmen, repairmen, etc., of the Independent Subway, one of the city's three lines, met to work out strategy. They decided to enforce literally some archaic regulations in the subway system's 50-year-old book of rules, and thus effect an irritating slowdown which could not be legally termed a work stoppage.

Here's how a typical motorman, let's call him Reilly, used his book of rules. At six a.m. he got up in his Bronx home, swallowed a cup of coffee and arrived at the car barn an hour later to pick up his train. On the way he looked into his copy of the book of rules. It said that trains should reduce speed to 10 miles per hour on curves. So, for the first time in years, he did just that. As a result, he lost half a minute between his first two stops. Then Reilly said he wouldn't leave without a flagman posted on the rear car. Since the system has not been providing flagmen in accordance with the book, it took several minutes to find one. Meanwhile, the dispatcher on the platform looked in his book of rules. It said to be careful in shutting car doors. So the dispatcher was very careful, and waited two minutes. By the time Reilly finished his run, he was half-an-hour late.

Reilly and his friends did all right. Nobody called it a strike, but the Board of Transportation decided it would be better to sit down and talk things over.

Reilly thinks Senator Taft and Representative Hartley, now that they've written their strike-breaking bill, ought to come to New York and put their ears to the ground. They might hear things down below in the world's greatest subway system.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duce books and records for an inquiry. The members refused, were cited for contempt of Congress, and indicted on March 31, 1946, by a grand jury. (The organization has not refused to make its records available to the government. Both the Treasury Department and the President's War Relief Control Board have had unlimited access to the refugee committee's annually audited books.)

The 16 defendants (who include novelist Howard Fast, theatrical producer Herman Shumlin, and Dr. Edward K. Barsky) will make an effort to clear up these questions during the trial: Is the resolution creating the House Committee on Un-American Activities constitutional? If so, has the committee administered it in so discriminatory a manner that the resolution may for that reason be held unconstitutional?

Because the power of investigation for intelligent legislation is one of the most important vested in Congress, this case may eventually bring the acts of the Un-American Activities Committee before the Supreme Court. Foreshadowing this, Rogge quoted from the *Columbia Law Review:* "If it is well known that expressing novel political ideas and advocating certain types of change in government frequently subject individuals to burdensome investigation and disparaging publicity, many persons might be constrained to refrain from such activity. . . . Since the First Amendment protects against the infringement of the rights of free speech and press by executive, judicial or legislative action, any attempt to curb these rights in the guise of a congressional investigation also may be illegal."

Vatican Misgivings

TO EUROPEANS, long accustomed to the fact that the Vatican plays a vigorous role in world politics, the surprising thing about the Truman Doctrine was its complete conformity with Papal policy. Both the Vatican and the White House were suddenly found accepting the same premise, as had Marx a century ago, that communism could not coexist with any other system and thus must be isolated and eventually stamped out.

Particularly since the days of the Spanish war the Vatican had hammered at this theme through media ranging from Papal encyclicals to parish pulpits and the Vatican press. Their words fell on fertile soil once World War II was ended and the Russians were no longer fighting as our allies. The first to put the Vatican's words into action on a worldwide, army-moving scale was President Truman. The *cordon sanitaire* which he proposed to erect with American dollars and armaments around the Soviet sphere would have led, his military advisers were frank to acknowledge, to a war of extermination against the USSR.

More a political-military campaign plan than a doctrine, Truman's proposal met warm Vatican approval when it was first enunciated. Only after it had been turned into one of the most hate-producing weapons ever forged in America did the Vatican indicate that perhaps it had misgivings.

"There is always room for peaceful accommodations," the Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano,* said last week in an editorial reported to have been suggested by the Pope himself. The Vatican paper always approaches such issues via pompous circumlocutions, but Rome correspondents reported the editorial meant the Pope was alarmed by increasing tension between Moscow and Washington. For that reason, they said, his paper was switching its line to the position that conflict is not inevitable between communism and Western democracy. Nations must realize, the paper said, that "in geographic space all ideas can live."

Such words were a long way from the announcement of a Vatican-Kremlin pact, but Europeans, accustomed to considering the Church a political as well as a spiritual institution, could see that the Vatican was adapting itself, even if slowly, to conditions as they exist in the world.

If This Be Treason

DOUGLAS CHANDLER, the American who called himself Paul Revere when he broadcast Nazi propaganda by short-wave from Berlin, looks like a cadaverous Ancient Mariner or a ghost out of Strindberg.

Chandler glared as the prosecution played recordings of his broadcast urging a Germany built as a "bulwark" against Russian communism and snarling that "our national life is threatened from within by a catastrophe of infinite horror, the catastrophe of Bolshevism."

But as he sat in the Boston federal courtroom, listening to his cold, haughty voice spitting invective at Franklin D. Roosevelt, the "Jew Deal" and "Jewish Bolshevism," he hardly looked as lonely or as out of tune with the life of his fellow citizens as one might imagine a man should look who was sitting before a jury of his peers, charged with treason.

HENRY KOPF*
has switched to Calvert because Calvert tastes better.

*of 3635 Hudson Blvd., Jersey City, N. J.
N. Y. World-Telegram, June 4, 1947

ONE of the reasons people like to work for the New York newspaper *PM*, which carries few national ads, is that the advertising department won't stop them from looking for a fellow like Henry Kopf if they feel so inclined. *PM* reporter Ira Peck found Kopf, "a flabby-looking man about 55," in the Hub Tavern, a down-at-the-heels saloon in Union City, New Jersey, and Kopf told him:

"I didn't get nothin' out of it. . . . Me and Louis Setti, we were sitting here drinking. . . . So while we were drinking the agent of the Calvert Company, he comes in and says, 'Did you ever try Lord Calvert?' So we says, 'No.' So he says, 'Have a drink on me.' John [the bartender] didn't have Lord Calvert but he did have Calvert Reserve—that's a little cheaper—and we found out it was a very good drink. Then he asks me and Louie for our names and addresses and we gave it to him. . . .

"I'm a whisky drinker. Hell, I'd drink any goddam whisky just as long as it was whisky—and I had a buck!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stassen Setback

It got little notice outside Minnesota, but young Hubert H. Humphrey's overwhelming reëlection as mayor of Minneapolis was something of a political setback for Harold E. Stassen.

Stassen's camp has worried about Humphrey as a potential rival of the former Governor and current presidential aspirant ever since he was first elected mayor by a margin of more than 30,000 votes two years ago at the age of 34 (the *NR*, June 16).

This time, several prominent Stassen men strongly supported Humphrey's opponent, Frank J. Collins, who was officially endorsed by the Hennepin County (Minneapolis) Republican committee. Yet, Humphrey, chief hope of the Minnesota Democratic-Farmer Labor Party, won the most impressive victory in modern Minneapolis election history. He carried all 13 wards and polled 66.3 percent of the votes cast, rolling up 102,769 to 52,354 for Collins.

"Republicans who set out to 'stop Humphrey' in this nonpartisan election . . . because he was getting altogether too frisky in the vote-piling field for a Democratic-Farmer Laborite . . . didn't make much headway," said the Minneapolis *Star*. The *Star* also recorded that post-election speculation on Humphrey's political future stopped "just short of the White House." The idea of the DFL Party pitting Humphrey against Senator Joseph H. Ball (R, Minn.) next year was the one heard most frequently, however.

Cambridge Miracle

If the news had originated anywhere else, it would have sounded like Buck Rogers stuff. But this sensational document came from the staid publicity office of Harvard University.

Thirty-year-old Dr. Robert Woodward, who won worldwide attention three years ago when he was one of two men to produce synthetic quinine, has now come closer to duplicating, by laboratory means, nature's processes of growth, than anyone else who ever lived. Dr. Woodward has managed to persuade atoms of carbon and nitrogen to hook

Report from Paris

by Michel Gordey

Said 47-year-old Raymond Terrade, a skilled maintenance worker at the Paris Gare de Lyons Locomotive Depot: "We started the strike because we could not make ends meet. The misery was too great. For a whole year we waited patiently for the government to carry out its promises of wage readjustment, but nothing came."

Terrade has worked in the railway depots for 21 years. He took part in the resistance movement which started at the same Gare de Lyons Depot where the recent strike also originated. Before the war, Terrade was making 1,400 francs monthly, which was then the equivalent of $56, and he got good food and meat every day and could buy decent clothing for his wife and himself. Before the strike Terrade made 8,000 francs—about $40 at the unofficial rate. Two-thirds of his pay he spent for food.

Talking to railway depot workers and leaders of the railway union, I was told that all the time during the strike everybody kept working. Raymond Tournemaine, secretary-general of the 500,000-man union, says, "For the first time in history the railway strike did not disrupt the economic life of the country. The railwaymen went on strike, but they organized food-supply trains to avoid any threat of hunger to city dwellers. All through the country, foremen, technicians and workers got together and worked out plans to make the supply trains run. More milk arrived in Paris during the strike than in normal days."

The railwaymen received much sympathy from the French population, which did not forget their role in the occupation years. The main issue in the union-government conflict was over increases for the category of skilled workers like Terrade. The government offered first about 750 francs monthly increase, but the union got about 2,500 for these men who form the majority of working railwaymen, train conductors, switchmen. Even after the increase the average salary will be only 10,000 to 12,000 francs, while a man's suit costs 7,000 and a meal in the average restaurant 250.

In the smoke-filled Gare de Lyons Depot, where the workers raised the French tricolor under the noses of the Germans in 1943 and where trains were put into operation and ran on schedule three hours after the strike settlement, I was struck by the calm and reasonable words, by the absence of anger. There was no revolutionary mood.

What will happen now to general wages and prices is the basic problem in France. The Confédération Général de Travail seems to have expressed its readiness to discuss general terms and apparently does not want to postpone the solution until December, as suggested by the government. Meanwhile production bonuses will probably be generalized for wage readjustments.

Although the treasury has heavy payments scheduled for June and July, inflation can and will be prevented by increased production if labor gets at least partial satisfaction. While the rightist press has accused the Communists of being "the invisible band-leader" of the strike wave, the truth is that widespread hardship because of the low standard of living is the real cause of the labor unrest.

At the same time, financial and industrial circles put Ramadier under heavy pressure to devaluate the franc and thus artificially increase French exports. During the strike, these circles began to get ready for big foreign-exchange operations. The near future will show whether the Socialist premier wants an easy, Wall Street solution or has enough courage to readjust wages while keeping down prices by increasing control on exaggerated business profits.

If Ramadier chooses the first solution, the purchasing power of labor will again decrease, and next fall an even sharper crisis will develop. If he meets labor's demands, the Communists may reënter the government.

Michel Gordey, a contributing editor of Tribune des Nations *in Paris, was formerly the US correspondent for the* Paris Presse. *During the war he served with the French broadcasting section of the OWI.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves together end to end by the thousands to form giant molecules, probably as large as any that exist in nature and perhaps larger. The result is a "synthetic" protein molecule which is almost identical with those found in the tissues of plants, animals and men. Among the results foreseen by the Harvard announcement are:

¶ New plastics practically identical with natural products—"silk that doesn't come from worms, wool that doesn't come from sheep and fur that doesn't come from any fur-bearing animal."

¶ The possibility of "modifying virus proteins into harmless organic substances," which might give us a new weapon against such virus diseases as infantile paralysis, sleeping sickness, smallpox, psittacosis and the hoof-and-mouth disease.

¶ New anti-biotics—germ-killing substances produced from soil bacteria—which may be even more effective than existing ones such as gramicidin, tyrocidin and bacitracin.

¶ A great advance in the study of "polymerization," the chemical process of attaching atoms to one another, widely used in industry.

¶ An equally great advance in the study of how proteins are created in the body from the amino acids in our food, with tremendous implications for many types of medical research.

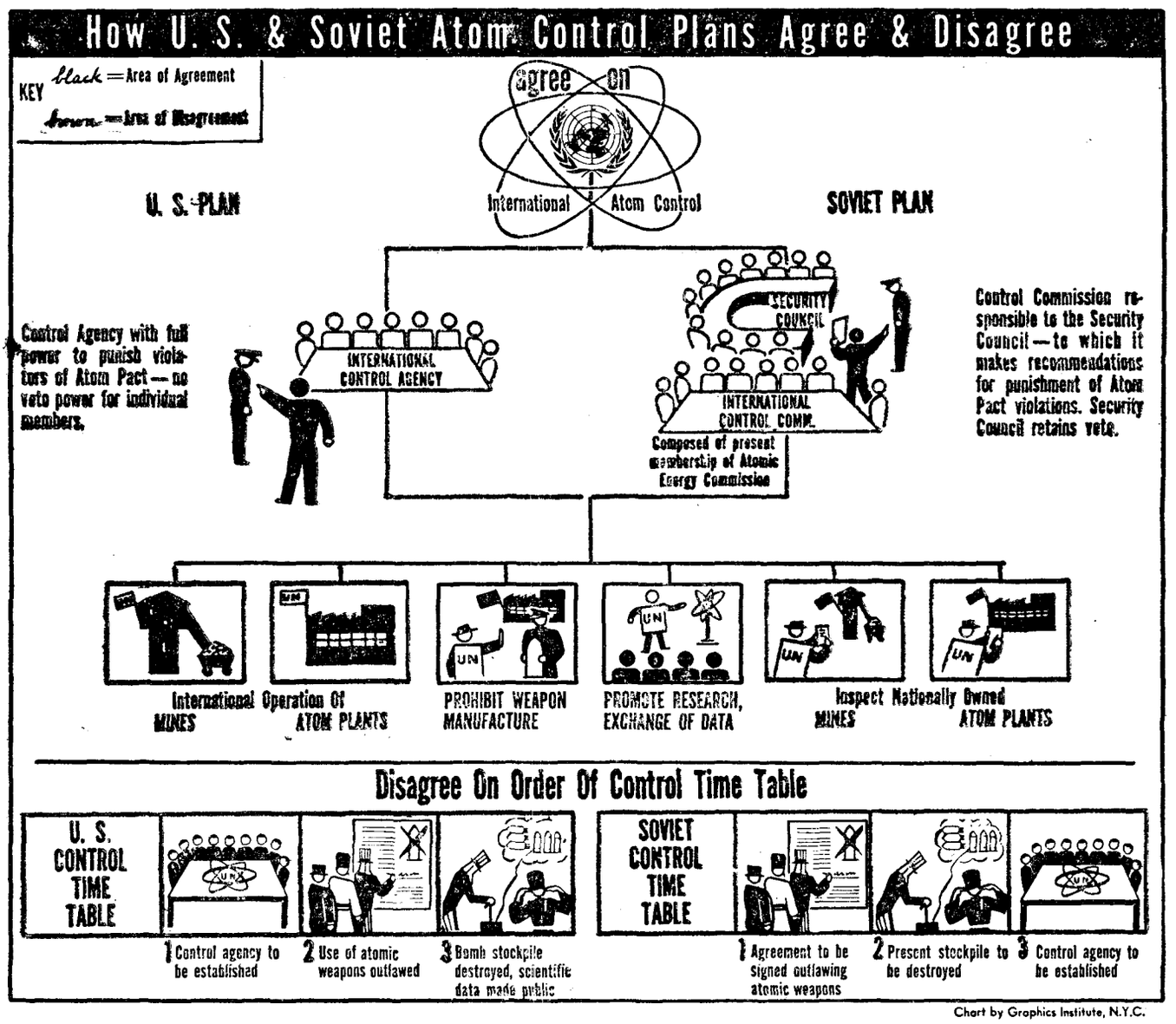

How U. S. & Soviet Atom Control Plans Agree & Disagree
KEY
black = Area of Agreement
brown = Area of Disagreement
Agree On
International Atom Control
U. S. PLAN
SOVIET PLAN
Control Agency with full power to punish violators of Atom Pact — no veto power for individual members.
INTERNATIONAL CONTROL AGENCY
SECURITY COUNCIL
INTERNATIONAL CONTROL COMM.
Composed of present membership of Atomic Energy Commission
Control Commission responsible to the Security Council — to which it makes recommendations for punishment of Atom Pact violations. Security Council retains vete.
International MINES
Operation Of ATOM PLANTS
PROHIBIT WEAPON MANUFACTURE
PROMOTE RESEARCH, EXCHANGE OF DATA
Inspect MINES
Nationally Owned ATOM PLANTS
Disagree On Order Of Control Time Table
U. S. CONTROL TIME TABLE
1 Control agency to be established
2 Use of atomic weapons outlawed
3 Bomb stockpile destroyed, scientific data made public
SOVIET CONTROL TIME TABLE
1 Agreement to be signed outlawing atomic weapons
2 Present stockpile to be destroyed
3 Control agency to be established

Chart by Graphics Institute, N.Y.C.

Four major points still separate the American and Russian plans for atomic control, despite the modifications of the latter offered on June 11 by Gromyko. The United States wants no veto; Russia still insists on use of the Security Council in which each of the Great Powers has veto power. The United States wants the international authority to act on its own right; Russia wants it to make recommendations to the governments. We want unlimited powers of inspection; Russia feels these are unnecessary. And, finally, we want to keep atomic bombs until the new system is installed, while Russia wants prohibition of atomic weapons "without delay."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial

Universal Military Training

THE editors of the *New Republic* oppose universal military training in the world of today. We regard as fantastic the notion that national rearmament is the swiftest and surest road to One World.

Regretfully, and after careful consideration, we conclude that the outstanding liberals and other civic leaders who signed the report to President Truman on Universal Military Training were stampeded during months of diplomatic deadlock into endorsement of a step which will be remembered as the first real victory of the military to press America back into the mold of a war-torn past. Even President Truman, in his haste to gain some encouragement for the military in their vigorous undercover campaign for rearmament, did not anticipate such a capitulation to the military point of view.

The distinguished civilians of the President's Advisory Commission were specifically admonished to avoid using the term "military." "I want our young people to be informed on what this government is . . . and what it means to take care of this temple which God gave us," President Truman told the commission last December. Yet the commission, passing far beyond the scope of this inquiry, has fully accepted the basic premises of the military and the American Legion and called for peacetime conscription as part of a rearmament and militarization program. It includes coördinated intelligence, scientific research in weapons, industrial mobilization, a striking air force and unification of the armed forces.

In the light of these harsh measures, the President's concern for the knowledge about government among young people becomes a little sentimental. After looking at the Army's showcase for Universal Military Training at Fort Knox, the commission mentions in passing that its pattern of a "wholesome moral and religious environment" can be maintained in the UMT program. This assertion is flatly denied by experts, who point out that to apply on a mass scale such lavish services as are exhibited at Fort Knox would strip America of ministers, psychiatrists, doctors and other needed personnel. Fort Knox, where there are no Negroes, where military indoctrination is stressed, where students get discussions on world developments lasting 15 minutes a week, makes absurd the commission's assertion that UMT will inculcate "spiritual and moral ideals in support of the American democracy."

Laying aside these rationalizations, the commission defends UMT as a military necessity. That in itself is adequate defense, if it can be proved. The commission does not prove its case. It confronts the obvious contradiction of a mass army in an atomic war by stressing the need for a widely distributed and disciplined personnel to handle sudden attacks on American cities. And it argues that a trained reserve will permit a more rapid counter-offensive. Yet, if 40 million Americans are to be killed overnight in an atomic war, what will young men trained to run over obstacle courses, to observe the niceties of military etiquette and to dismantle machine guns, accomplish? Doctors, nurses, firemen, water-supply experts, Geiger-counter operators were needed at Hiroshima. In all honesty, a commission which calls for a mass army to defend America in an atomic war should also call for expenditures of more than $15 billion a year for the decentralization of our cities and the regrouping of our factories underground.

HOPEFULLY, the commission asserts that UMT will "enhance the influence and authority of the United Nations." If it were proposed as part of a collective-security system, designed to implement a strong United Nations policy at a time when a government outside the UN threatened peace, then this assertion might stand. Today UMT is proposed in the context of another world: the world of the Truman Doctrine, in which the UN stands weakened and in danger of desertion by the nations which founded it. This plan is not and cannot be related to the needs of collective security or the UN. UMT, as it is presented today and as it may emerge from the present Congress, is a further move away from the UN and toward a police state in America.

At the beginning of its report, the commission calls for UMT to provide "national security." At the report's end, it concludes that there is no security for nations short of the abolition of war. Is UMT a step to abolish war? Or is it, once more, a move to prepare for inevitable war while men without hearts pay lip-service to the idea of progress toward lasting peace? Throughout tragic and bloody centuries millions have died to prove one terribly big and single fact: that preparation for war leads to war.

We believe that the call for UMT is based on the assumption that there will be a Third World War within five years. On no other assumption is the call justified. Even were this assumption justified by reason, we could not so quickly accept it. But it is not justified. It rings hollow across devastated continents and peoples too far exhausted to face the tasks of reconstruction that life requires, let alone the horrors of another war. UMT is no call for a stronger UN and a better democracy. It is a call to outworn values that have always led to war and always will. The way to keep America out of war is to keep war out of the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Wallace

Report from Oregon

IN THE 25,000 miles I've traveled since April, one of the best meetings I can remember was a luncheon in Portland, Oregon. It was called by the Oregon Young Democrats and for almost the first time it seemed as if all the progressive and liberal groups were working together. The chairman of the meeting, a Democratic leader and former paratrooper, started out by trying to introduce everyone—the State Grange Master, the president of the Oregon Women's Clubs, leaders from the PCA, the ADA, the Negro groups, officials from the CIO unions and the brotherhoods, business agents from the AFL unions, electricians, teamsters, machinists, painters, fire-fighters, butchers, carpenters—when the chairman broke down they stood up and introduced themselves. "You see," said Walter Pierce, who was sitting beside me, "we cannot afford to fight each other. There aren't enough of us—we have to work together."

Walter Pierce, at 86, is one of the grand old leaders of the progressive Northwest. A boyhood friend of George Norris, he was an outstanding Governor, a leading conservationist, a first-class Representative from the day in 1933 when he was sworn in for his first term at the age of 71. I asked him if he'd ever doubted the wisdom of his cause. "Never lowered my lance!" he said.

"You know," his wife added, "we're supposed to be conservative in Oregon. We were a great progressive state at the turn of the century. We initiated the popular election of US Senators. We started the move for the referendum. We were a seething center of radicalism for ten years! We were known as the Political Experiment Station then.

"It all started back in 1897," Mrs. Pierce reflected. "Oregon was one of the most corrupt states in the nation. The railroads owned the towns and bought the legislature. Things got so bad that even the very men who were pulling the wires for venal private interests revolted. The reform movement turned into a landslide, and Oregon ended up in a few years as one of the leading progressive states of the country.

"Now we're a one-party state again," Mrs. Pierce sighed. "But you know, Roosevelt always carried Oregon, even when Senator McNary was running.

"It's a straight fight now, progressive against conservative," said her husband. "It's a great time. It's like Lincoln's time. Something's coming in America. I don know if we'll live to see it, but something's coming. felt it 50 years ago, and I feel it again."

Then we sat back to listen to the speech of Cli Howlett, newly elected executive secretary of the Demo cratic State Committee. "The progressive tide is sweep ing America and it's going to sweep Oregon," Howle said. "To win we must have a program and candidate So far we've had neither. Now the tide is turning be cause the Democrats of Oregon are rebuilding thei party. We promise we will have a new program, progressive, fighting party. We're going to build it a a farmer-labor party, in the precincts, the cities, th mills, the factories, the farms. We aren't going to buil it in any court of law. We're going to get votes and no injunctions. From county to county," he ended, "we shal carry the news—Oregon is on the march, and soon th progressive banner will be flying over the homes an mills of the Beaver State!"

AS IN Washington State, two major issues in progressive revival are the legislation passed by a reactionary state legislature and the actions of Congress.

For the Northwest and the Mountain States, the struggle to be free from the grip of Eastern monopoly interests is a deep and powerful one. The dissolution by Congress of the super-holding companies in 1935 wa one step toward liberation. But great utility monopolie still retain a strong influence on Oregon and Washington through local utility companies with which they are closely tied.

At a time when the world is crying out for the timber of the Northwest—one-half of our marketable supplies —these monopolies seek to draw a cordon sanitaire around the Northwest and keep it undeveloped until they can be sure that its development will further monopoly control. Their slogan today is millions for foreign oil; not one cent for hydroelectric power!

In Washington, the fight for municipally owned and operated power and water supplies was led by a truly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great American, J. D. Ross. Election after election was bitterly fought out and in 29 of the 39 counties in Washington the people voted for municipal ownership through Public Utility Districts. The private utilities have still

managed to keep many of these PUD's from operating. In Oregon, great Eastern power interests have also managed to cripple the similar law providing for PUD's.

The promise of Roosevelt, that "the next great development would be the Columbia River," was hailed throughout the Northwest. The start made at Bonneville and Coulee saved thousands of lives in wartime. Columbia River power produced the aluminum for one out of every three planes produced in America. It built ships at record rates, one Kaiser yard producing more than the output of the entire nation in World War I. To Oregon alone, close to half a million war workers came from other states to contribute to the war effort. Because the Northwest lacks oil, gas and coal, electric power is the one means it can offer these Americans of finding a new life in peace.

ALL the world needs the goods of the Northwest today. The Willamette Valley aluminum plant has been making fertilizer to ship to China and Japan to grow crops and alleviate famine. Idaho phosphate supplies are waiting to be developed. East Coast workers should know that for every job created in an aluminum-reduction plant at Vancouver, Tacoma or Spokane, 30 jobs will be created in manufacturing plants in the East. And the Columbia River Basin program offers unlimited opportunities for the settling of new farm lands by veterans, by providing that 90 percent of the cost of getting water onto these lands will be paid for by the sale of electric power. Businessmen, such as the forward-looking group in Seattle who call themselves "The Washingtonians," know that Bonneville power, at $17.50 a kilowatt year—the next lowest in America is $26—is vital to industrial development.

Yet today half the workers of Vancouver are unemployed. There are 37,000 out of work in the Portland

area. In Bremerton, Grays Harbor and Seattle the situation is even worse. While a growing shortage of power threatens more unemployment, stagnation and a dimout in the Northwest, Congress has cut short plans for the further development of the Columbia River. More than ever Bonneville power is needed now. Even the local utilities recognize the need. And yet, the day I arrived in Portland, 250 civil servants were fired from the Bonneville project.

All this was done in the name of cutting taxes and economizing in federal expenditures. But most citizens of the Northwest know that funds spent in developing the Columbia River yield returns many times over. I have seen convincing evidence that lobbies such as the Edison Electric Institute, having failed to destroy public ownership of hydroelectric power by a frontal attack, deliberately chose to destroy the PUD's by choking off their supplies at the source—in Bonneville and Coulee—all in the name of economy in federal appropriations.

This strategy was betrayed in an editorial in the *Electrical World* of March 29, 1947, which states that:

> During the Democratic Party's control of the federal government, the nation's power policy has become increasingly painful to most of those who operate its electrical power industry.
>
> As public ownership and government control penetrated deeper it was only natural that those who disliked it should ponder their possibilities when political control should be removed from the New Deal-Democratic Party. . . . With last fall's staggering Republican victory came the first possibility in 16 years that federal power policy might be redirected. Possibilities for changing federal power policy were numerous. . . . Presently it appears that the most likely revision of federal power policy . . . will be founded upon whatever changes the GOP makes in US fiscal policy. Clearly it is time to balance the national budget. . . . That . . . will end deficit spending, a foundation stone of federal power programs. . . . Any money spent in debt reduction will be unavailable for power projects, as will be funds not collected because of tax reductions. Not singly, but in unison, these three fiscal policies can terminate extension of the federal power interests.

This policy on the part of the powerful utility lobby approaches downright hypocrisy. So far this clever strategy has worked very well, but the people of the West, as they realize how they have been cheated, are getting good and mad. They have found that only one Republican from Oregon, not one from Washington, and only one from all the states east of the Mississippi voted for the continued development of the Columbia River. They recognize this betrayal as a maneuver on behalf of vested interests. The leader of the move to cut the reclamation appropriations, Representative John Taber (R, N. Y.), dismissed their protests as "the squealing of a stuck pig." I predict that before long, to the discomfort of Taber and his masters, the sound from the West will be less like the squealing of a pig than the roaring of a lion.

A MAN who is surely one of the finest citizens of Portland is a bulb grower, Jan de Graaff—the biggest grower of choice daffodils in America and a real progressive. The de-Graaff family bought land to grow bulbs in Holland in 1611, and founded their firm in 1723. Jan's grand-

(Continued on page 35)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Custom-Built Genius

by James R. Newman

The newest monster in the world of calculating machines thinks with the speed of light, complains when it is ill, makes mathematicians obsolete

FOR the past decade or so, mathematicians in this country have been saying that there are three principal methods for solving a new and difficult mathematical problem. They advise either: (a) the postulational approach; or (b) heuristic methods; or (c) asking John von Neumann how to do it.

John von Neumann, a medium-sized, medium-aged, medium-chubby mathematician at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, has a disconcerting way of setting the scientific world on its ear whenever he decides to interest himself in a problem. To be sure, the interest does not always last long. Not that von Neumann is fickle or a dilettante, but the fact is that he often arrives at solutions before others have had a chance to sit down, light a pipe and think things over. At the moment, however, he has his hands full, being engaged in the appropriate task of making a machine which will render him partially superfluous.

With the financial assistance of a patron who makes the de Medicis look like pinch-pennies, to wit, the US Army, von Neumann is building a calculator which for speed, accuracy, appetite and mental reach will put every living creature and existing calculating machine (including von Neumann himself) deep in the shade. It has "memory"; it complains when it gets out of order; engineers speak of its "communication organs," its "anatomy" and its "pathology." As yet this device has no name, although it is rumored that it may be named the Mechanical and Numerical Integrator and Calculator (MANIAC). In any case, it is by no means the first of such devices, and in order to understand better what it does and how it does it we should first cast a glance over the field, historically and contemporaneously.

In 1642, Blaise Pascal, aged 19, still to become famous as a mathematician and philosopher, constructed the first machine for doing arithmetic. By a series of toothed wheels it could add and subtract numbers mechanically, and the feature that Pascal was particularly proud of was the machine's ability to perform the "carry" automatically.

Thirty years later Leibnitz, inventor at almost the same time as Isaac Newton of the calculus, built a calculating machine which added automatic multiplication to the features already developed by Pascal. Leibnitz saw clearly the immense advantage of freeing men from the drudgery attendant upon the repetitive steps of arithmetic operations. "It is unworthy," he wrote, "of excellent men to lose hours like slaves in the labor of calculation which could be safely relegated to anyone else if the machine were used."

EARLY ABACUS

Charles Babbage, an English actuary, in 1834 designed an arithmetic machine as remarkable as that of Leibnitz. While he never could get adequate financial support to build his machine full scale the design was sound and a model was made which worked. Thomas J. Watson, of the International Business Machines Corporation, who gave the world the immortal slogan, "Think," is heavily indebted to Babbage for having thought of the basic punch-card concept incorporated in so many of Watson's machines.

In recent years, especially under military stimulus, computing machines have become fashionable subjects for research. Vannevar Bush built an immense mechanical calculator for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. Howard H. Aiken, at Harvard, and the IBM completed in 1944 a "completely automatic, sequenced, general-purpose, digital computing machine," which was handed over to the Navy. Not to be outdone, preferably, in fact, to outdo, the Army developed in 1945 at the University of Pennsylvania an *electronic* numerical integrator and calculator (ENIAC), a behemoth with 18,000 tubes that in silent, ghostlike fashion digested, if nicely fed, fantastic problems and spewed up the correct answers rapidly and without fuss.

ENIAC consists of a number of independent units standing together against the walls of a huge room, each unit consisting of one or more switchboard panels, with plug sockets and indicating lamps in front of an array of electronic tubes, relays and other circuit elements at the back. In addition, there are a few master programming units, attended by operators, and mounted on dollies so that they can be rolled and plugged in at different points.

But with so many scientists feverishly dreaming up new machines, ENIAC, with its paint still fresh, and eager to work at the proper bidding, is almost ready for the junk heap—obsolete and outmoded. Talk to an electrical engineer about its 18,000 tubes and he turns a pale yellow with disgust. Von Neu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mann's second-generation electronic machine (and two built by the National Bureau of Standards for the Census and the Navy Department) is much better than its ENIAC parent and has only 1,000 tubes. Next year's articles on this same subject will, no doubt, refer to the days when it was thought a thousand tubes were necessary for a calculator.

From quupus *to MANIAC*

How do calculating machines work? There are two general types, one called "digital," and the other "analog." An analog machine uses some physical quantity (*e.g.*, length, electrical voltage, rotation) to represent a number. The slide rule is a familiar example. The number X is represented by length L; the number Y by length M. In operating the slide rule, one adds length L to length M and obtains a new length, N. This corresponds to a new number, Z, which, in turn, is the product of X times Y. Anyone who has used a slide rule has experienced the disadvantage common to all analog machines: it is not always possible to read them with sufficient accuracy and the more difficult the problem the more serious this flaw.

The simplest digital calculator is, of course, the set of 10 fingers. Non-mechanical digital devices such as the abacus and the Peruvian *quupus,* a kind of whip with knotted lashes, are of ancient origin. Pascal's arithmetic machine, Leibnitz's multiplier, the ordinary desk commercial adding machine, ENIAC, with its electronic model of a wheel counter, and the more recent electronic computers are all examples of digitals. The bead on the abacus, the knot on the *quupus,* the toothed wheels, the elements of electronic tubes, all correspond to fingers which can be ticked off by one method or another as part of the monotonous, repetitive process known as counting. With all the fantastic intricacy of modern mathematics, the four fundamental operations of arithmetic—addition, subtraction, multiplication and division—remain as the main avenues for solving problems. Other disciplines such as algebra, the calculus and group theory are merely short cuts for sequences of arithmetical operations. If a man had enough time, a good memory and 10 fingers (or an abacus), few mathematical problems solvable by advanced methods would balk him. But "enough time" might mean 10,000 years for a problem a machine could do in seven minutes. And his memory would have to be perfect.

The mathematical methods and machines devised until recently were good but not marvelous. Even with the best calculators, most problems defied solution and many others presented such a time challenge that they were left untried. The new machines are different. So superior are they in efficiency and capacity that the mathematician whose domain at one time was merely that which he could see from the crest of an anthill now commands everything he can see from a mountaintop.

INCAS' QUUPUS

Electronic machines are unbelievably fast. ENIAC, much slower than the newest machines of the MANIAC type, will do a million multiplications an hour, 150 million in a week. The latest model of an ordinary electrical desk calculator multiplies two numbers, such as 7,318,429,618 x 8,149,527,739, in approximately 10 seconds. This sounds fairly impressive and would probably have startled both Babbage and Euclid. ENIAC would do the same job in *less than one ten-thousandth of one second,* or in one one-hundred-thousandth of the time required by an ordinary desk calculator. At first, this startled even von Neumann.

Take another example. At present a typical Bureau of the Census calculation problem—tabulating 400,000 US customs declarations each month—takes 1,800 man-hours. A machine built for the Census by the National Bureau of Standards will do the 1,800-hour job in 36.5 hours. The same machine—electronic, of course—will multiply 100,000 pairs of five-digit numbers and sum the product in *ten minutes.* This used to take, using electrical comptometers, 12 working days, exclusive of handling cards and punching data. When a man absent-mindedly puts his finger on a red-hot stove, it takes about 200,000 micro-seconds (a micro-second is one one-millionth of a second) before he has enough sense to pull it away. An electronic calculator doesn't react that intelligently to a hot stove, but it will compute the trajectory of a moving shell in considerably less time than the shell takes to reach its target.

Even more important than speed is that feature of machines like ENIAC known as "automatic sequencing." In its simplest terms, this means that the machine can be furnished a set of instructions and then given its head, with the assurance that it will follow instructions correctly, however complicated and regardless of how many millions of steps are involved.

Unattended by an operator, the machine, having been properly briefed by means of a code punched into a paper tape, or, as in the case of ENIAC, by punch cards, will perform its programmed task, periodically printing the answers on fresh punch cards and signaling whenever it requires fresh instructions. This last is more than a meretricious gadget, for without it the machine would go on and on without cease. Unlike Eddington's monkey-run typewriters, it would not produce, even by chance, the text of *Hamlet.*

Like any complicated mechanism, ENIAC (and its successors) is no better and no stronger than its most minute component. Costing around $500,000, weighing 30 tons, carrying 18,000 tubes, miles of wiring and over 500,000 soldered connections, ENIAC will blow a tube just like a $25 radio and from time to time develop internal organic disorders, occasionally even irrational symptoms corresponding to neuroses. Similarly afflicted, the average machine grinds to a halt and will respond no more until the break has been mended.

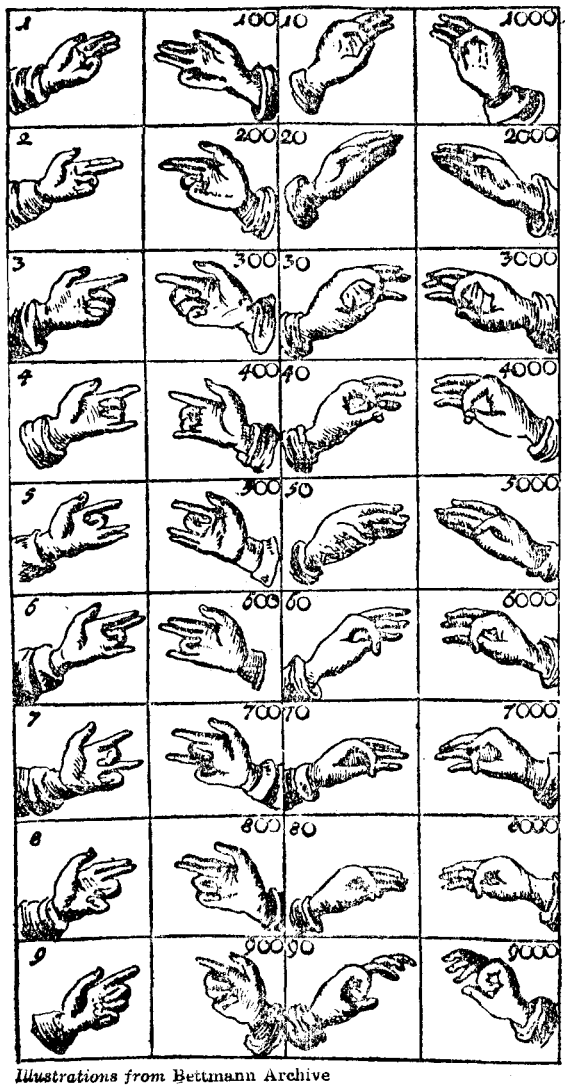
But the big electronic calculators

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may keep running silently despite internal troubles. Without an indicator the result might be a holocaust, since if no one knew of the disease, a berserk machine might give out yards of the wrong answers with no one the wiser. This appalling thought—of having a mad Golem on their hands, mad but outwardly sane—haunted the builders for a time, but they finally came up with the solution. ENIAC and its brood are now able to signal whenever anything goes wrong and, better yet, to indicate where the trouble lies: a blown tube, a broken connection and so on.

The fact remains that there have been cases where a machine will solve one type of problem correctly but go completely haywire on another. It has been seriously proposed that certain specialized machines be constructed for the sole purpose of "psychoanalyzing"—this is the exact term the scientists use—the more schizoid of the calculating devices.

By far the most dramatic and uncanny property of electronic computers is their "memory." On a moment's reflection, it becomes altogether clear that this feature is not merely ingenious but necessary for the machine to do business efficiently. In any mathematical operation of moderate complexity, one cannot directly calculate to an answer. One assembles a series of intermediate results which are picked up later at the appropriate times and used to build the final result. Anyone who has solved the simplest algebraic equation or computed an income-tax return will recognize the procedure. Now the machine programmed to tackle immensely difficult problems must be able to store away intermediate results and incorporate them at just the right moment to win its solutions. Just as it is not a matter of indifference as to whether in dressing one puts on socks first and then shoes, or reverses the order, so is it important for the machine to know whether to extract the square roots of two numbers and then add the results or add the two numbers followed by taking the square root of the sum.



Illustrations from Bettmann Archive

ORIGINAL CALCULATING MACHINE

In ENIAC, intermediate results are stored in boxes known as "accumulators." They are left there until called for. One of ENIAC's limitations is the small number of accumulators, as a result of which it can remember relatively few numbers. In later models, operating with perhaps no more than 800 tubes, the machine's memory is to be an extensive and enlarged electronic counterpart of these numbered boxes. Special-purpose memory tubes "somewhat like the television iconoscope" will be used and elements of the tube when charged or uncharged will store up ones or zeros for future use. By using a binary instead of a decimal scale for counting and expressing numbers, the machine will get along with just one and zero and will dispense with the other digits from two to nine. (Any popular book on mathematics explains the difference between decimal and binary numbers.)

Thus equipped, the electronic machine is ready to receive orders of the following kind: "Take the number in box one; multiply it by the number in box two; take the square root of the product and add to it the number in box five"; or, "add the numbers in the first seven boxes; put the result away in the eighth box; add the numbers in the 13 boxes and divide the sum by the number in box 85; subtract from this quotient the product of the numbers in boxes 112, 113 and 119; square the remainder; add this square to the sum you left in box 8; put the answer in box 3,442; and let us know when you are finished." Chances are the machine will do the job in one eightieth of a second.

Treasure hunt

WHEN an initial order is given the machine, it usually consists of instructions to perform one complete operation, to place the results of that operation in a specified memory box—ringing it up there, one might say, as on a cash register—and in that same box fresh instructions for the next step will be found. This old treasure-hunt technique is simply another aspect of automatic sequencing.

More than wooden, rigid instructions may also be issued. Electronic calculators are sufficiently adult to be allowed a measure of choice or "judgment" as between alternative instructions. In many problems it turns out that after the first X steps have been completed, the X plus 1th step will depend upon the results already obtained, results which the man instructing the calculator cannot at the outset wholly foresee. A familiar example arises, again, in computing income tax. The tax blank may provide that if medical expenses are over five percent of gross income, they may be deducted in full; if they are under five percent, they may not be deducted.

By ingenious circuiting, the electronic calculator is prepared to receive an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

order in this form: "After the numbers in boxes 247 through 312 have been added and the sum cubed, if the resulting cube is greater than one billion, proceed for your next order to box 159; if it is less than one billion, go to box 212 and get your orders there." With such "selection" orders available, the versatility of computers is enormously increased and they will be able to solve almost all types of problems no matter how involved. It is worth noting that even alternative orders will be executed at a rate of *more than 10,000 per second.*

ENIAC is obsolete

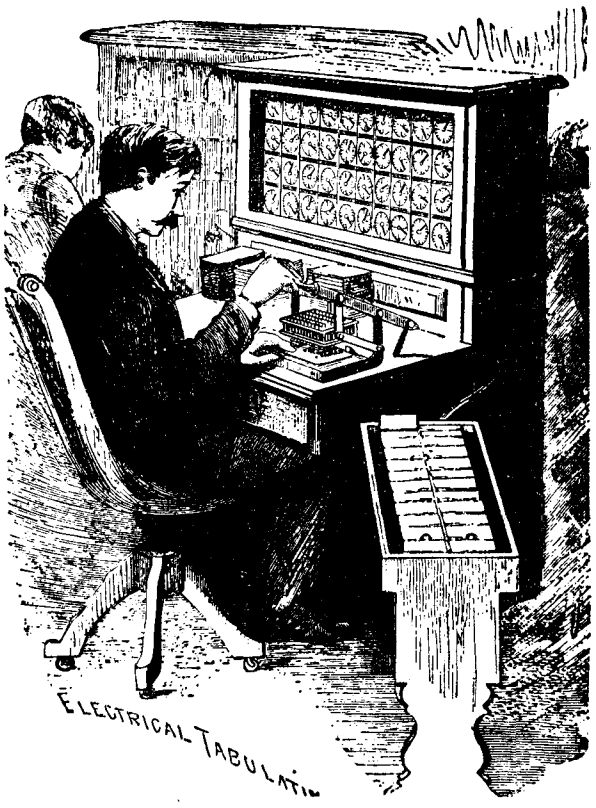
DESPITE their amazing repertory, electronic computors of the ENIAC family have serious drawbacks and limitations, some of which von Neumann's brain child promises to overcome. Among them are those related to the business of instructing the calculator. It must be remembered, after all, that the feeding of problems takes the form of a ritual which demands rigid adherence; otherwise, the machine will not perform.

Both input and output mechanisms are delicate and intricate artifacts. ENIAC makes use of punch cards, the pattern of the punch holes constituting the instructions for the machine. Unfortunately, the punch-card method tends to drag—one of ENIAC's disadvantages. Current punch-card techniques permit reading and writing at about two cards per second, which so retards ENIAC's computing speed that the machine spends most of its time waiting upon humans, a slow-witted breed, before it can receive or give forth data.

The newest machines like MANIAC incorporate much more effective communicating devices. These embody the use of either photographic film or magnetic tape geared to continuous recording devices. Under either set-up, reading and writing speeds of as high as 20,000 digits per second can be achieved. There is the further promise that additional research may increase this to 100,000 digits per second.

In addition to this equipment, future MANIAC-type machines will probably be connected with automatic typewriters which can be used by the operator to transmit changes in instructions and by the machines themselves to talk to the operator. One other method of output is almost certain to be utilized. Often an answer to a problem is given more conveniently by a curve or graph than by a set of numbers. To meet this need, the calculators will be equipped with viewing scopes—like a television screen—which will display the graph or print it on photographic paper.

Many of the uses of electronic calculators are known or can be prophesied. The kind of problem which arose during the war in the field of ballistics is a good example of what the machines will be called on to do in the future. Because the average ballistics problem is quite difficult, it represents a fair test of what electronic computers can do. To forecast accurately the flight of a bullet or shell entails taking account of such diverse factors as wind direction and velocity, air temperature, rotation of the earth and the spin of the shell. Upon these variables are superimposed others, such as the gun position, the movement of the gun platform, the changing position and velocity of the target. Calculating machines are essential for grappling with these multi-headed problems.



US CENSUS TABULATOR—1890

The promise of the future

IN GENERAL, the contribution of electronic calculators to applied mathematics—that branch of the science directed to solving problems of the other sciences—already has been significant. For centuries mathematicians have solved physical problems by making deliberately oversimplified assumptions. The corners of natural phenomena tend to be jagged and irregular, but mathematical concepts are exact; hence the scientist's models of nature are designed to fit the tools available. Errors are thereby introduced and an attempt is made to offset them in the final result.

Yet, in a sense, these oversimplifications were not necessary. Mathematical methods for solving with fair exactitude the equations of many physical problems were known. But to apply these methods entailed computations so formidable that to attempt them seemed hopeless. Thus, as one of many examples, while the laws of hydrodynamics are well known, the behavior of a stream of water rushing through a curved pipe cannot be described by mathematicians, save in most general terms.

The jumble of hordes of water molecules, carried along and buffeted by the walls of the pipe, demands for its proper description equations of mathematical physics so difficult and lengthy that they are almost impossible to solve. (Paradoxically, many of the phenomena of nuclear physics are much easier to describe.)

That situation is now changed. The electronic calculator in a day can solve problems entailing such labor that the foremost mathematicians and physicists could not have mastered them in a period of years. Tumbleson cites the example of the English physicist, D. R. Hartree, who spent 15 years in calculations on atomic structure—"With electronic computers his work could have

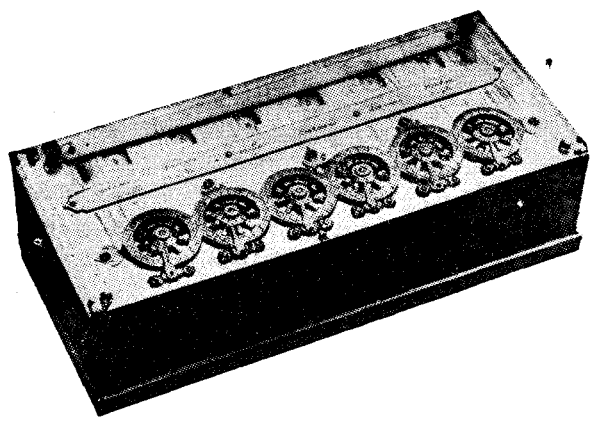
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been telescoped into hours, or days at most."

Weather forecasting is a prime illustration of a science yielding vague, unsatisfactory results, despite the fact that the physical laws portraying the motions and vagaries of clouds, winds and atmospheric tides are fairly definite. The behavior of a single penny dropped from the hand can be described with accuracy. The behavior of a handful of pennies dropped together in a batch almost defies description. The weather is like a handful of pennies flung over oceans and continents.

To solve inordinately complex weather equations is so time-consuming that forecasts based upon exhaustive calculations made without electronic computers would, perforce, become retrospects. If the weatherman had to make calculations based on all available data, instead of predicting "warm and rainy tomorrow," he would have to say, "It rained four years ago on the twelfth of May—just as I would have predicted had I finished my calculations on time."

The accounting needs of government agencies and large businesses can also be met by electronic calculators. Immense accumulations of data and statistics can be mined for invaluable information. Continuous inventories, detailed cost analyses, production records, can be assembled and analyzed quickly with the aid of electronic machines. Medical, economic, sociological, psychological and industrial research stand to make enormous gains through high-speed computing. Design experiments can often be dispensed with if theoretical calculations are a feasible alternative.



PASCAL'S ARITHMETIC MACHINE—1642

Altogether the results may mean not only superior products and a deeper knowledge of the physical world, but, far more to the point, a better understanding of the mechanism of society, of the relations among social, economic and political institutions, of the conflicts, forces and trends which bedevil men, frustrate them and set them against one another.

Beyond the world of numbers

FINALLY, there are strange areas in which the new machines may function, areas which now can hardly be foreseen. Neither ENIAC nor von Neumann's creation, to be sure, will give out more than has been put into it. Either machine will only do "strictly and precisely" what it is told to do. But the potentialities of what has been built are not fully understood. As Boltzman, the physicist, once remarked about analytical geometry, the thing is cleverer than the man who invented it. New insights must be sharpened and new lines opened for imagination. Can ENIAC or MANIAC do our thinking for us in areas outside mathematics? This is not beyond the feasible. It depends, in a sense, on the relationship between mathematics and logic, and on the extent to which ideas, thought processes and the things we say can be "mathematicized."

Mathematicians like von Neumann believe that circuits can be built into electronic machines which would correspond to any mathematical system. Modern mathematical logic in such works as Whitehead and Russell's *Principia Mathematica* has made astounding progress toward expressing in symbolic and numerical form thought processes (propositions, inferences, conclusions) usually regarded as non-mathematical, and in transforming such symbols as if they were ordinary mathematical expressions. From an amalgam of these efforts machines may be devised to which one could assign vast drudge areas of the commonplace where even the best minds are compelled to spend many exhausting hours.

Some see grave danger in this line of advance—danger that the average man will lose the last vestige of dignity and self-esteem when machines will not only do his work for him but tell him what to do. The traumatic possibilities are not negligible, as the incident of the Nimatron reveals. This was an electronic machine invented by Dr. E. U. Condon, present director of the National Bureau of Standards, designed as an automaton to play the ancient Chinese game of *Nim*. Built by Westinghouse, the Nimatron was installed at the World's Fair in 1939, where it took on all comers, defeating everyone but a few who knew the mathematical theory underlying the game and thus managed a draw. Now the worst feature was that the machine not only won, but no matter how long the player pondered over his move, the machine clicked out its reply in a thousandth of a second.

Hundreds of men and women staggered away from the Nimatron daily, dazed, depressed and defeated. This not being the best way of winning friends, Westinghouse persuaded Condon to introduce "daily circuits" into Nimatron's vitals so that it would at least seem to ponder for a few moments after the human player had made his move. There was thereafter a noticeable improvement in the morale of *Nim* addicts.

Man the incomparable

FEARS of mechanical calculators are, of course, nonsense. However brilliant the future of the electronic calculator, it will remain, except for specialized talents, a zany in comparison with a half-witted boy of eight. As for the problem "man v. machine," Pascal once delivered himself of an eloquent judgment worth recalling:

> Man is but a reed—the weakest thing in nature—but he is a reed that thinks. It is not necessary that the whole universe should arm itself to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, is enough to kill him. But if the universe should crush him, man would still be nobler than that which slays him, for he knows that he dies; but of the advantage which it has over him the universe knows nothing. Our dignity consists then wholly in thought. Our elevation must come from this, not from space and time which we cannot fill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teamwork in the Grass Roots

by Alden Stevens

Rural America is improving its schools and hospitals and farms by coöperative action that puts the community first

RECENTLY I made a 20,000-mile trip across the country in a battered old Chevrolet. I left with the built-in pessimism of a man who has lived too long in a big city. I rolled down through the Carolinas and Georgia, west to New Mexico, north to the Pacific Northwest and the Columbia Basin, then eastward across the plains and home. I came back realizing that you cannot judge the behavior of our people from the present behavior of their government; I found grassroots citizens going right on working for their general social betterment in areas where their politicians were not. Where impulses like those represented in the New Deal have been aroused, they cannot be smothered simply by acts of conservative legislatures. When you plant the seed of new ideas, they keep on growing.

I learned that the people who could fix a Model T with a piece of baling wire, or a binder with a bean can, who invented the telephone, cotton gin and pike box, who made wind-driven washing machines out of old barrels on Kwajalein while they fought a war, take just as readily to new social and economic inventions too.

I found the first evidence of this in North Carolina, where the New Deal's farm program taught many people that they didn't necessarily have to farm exactly as their grandfathers did. A small county in South Carolina humanized the process for me. To show what kind of country it is, they tell about a train pulling into a tiny hamlet there in the midst of a whirling sandstorm. Folks say a passenger stuck his head out of the window and quickly pulled it back.

"Whee-ew!" he is reported to have said. "The sand tuck this place *really!*" Everyone around there says this is why, a few days later, the railroad painted on their little station the name Santuc. "Santuc is so sandy," they say, "that all you got to do to get your teeth polished is open your mouth."

It's hard to grow cotton and corn in sandy soil, and this was always a barefooted, hard-scrabble, sowbelly, turnip-eating, unhappy country full of discouraged cotton-raising tenant farmers who could see no future and had stopped caring. Every fall they'd get a little money for their cotton crop and every spring they'd be dead broke again and have to borrow to get through to the next harvest.

The Negro county agent, E. N. Williams, figured that sweet potatoes ought to grow well, but his people were discouraged. "We tried 'em," one of the sad-eyed farmers said. "They didn't turn out good. We give it up. Cotton's all you can grow here."

Williams knew that sweet potatoes need very careful cultivation, which is highly technical and not easily learned. He finally got two of the farmers to agree, reluctantly, to try the experiment of doing exactly as he showed them.

"First you make a hotbed." He helped them dig long pits and cover a shallow air space the full length of the pit with logs and sand. At the foot of this he put an old oil barrel with the ends knocked out and at the head, a square wooden chimney.

"You put your seed sweet potatoes into the hotbed," he told them, "and stick this thermometer in the middle. Build a fire in the barrel and keep the heat at 85 degrees. In 10 days you'll have shoots. Transplant 'em into your field with a lot of high-potash fertilizer."

The crop was good, but it had to be graded and packed in a "curing house," where, again, the temperature had to be kept at 85 degrees for 10 days and then held at about 50 degrees all winter. The two men who were doing all the fire-building knew their neighbors were laughing at them.

But when they shipped their sweet potatoes in March and got back their money, one of them stood trembling, holding $400 in his hand and saying, as though in a trance, "I made $400 on a half acre of yams!" It was his yearly income on 10 acres of cotton and he couldn't get over it.

Not only was it a lot of money, but it came through at exactly the time of year cotton money generally ran out! And on top of all this, you could feed your culls to the pigs and there were enough number-two sweet potatoes to eat the year round. Fifty farmers are now putting in sweet potatoes. Some of them say that if the sand tuck the country, the yams brought it back.

Geared education

THE same American combination of ingenuity and coöperativeness swept new life into a backward Georgia county through the medium of education. Carroll County was a cotton-growing patch of beat-up land and run-down villages. The school building at Sand Hill had no floor; the children at the Tallapoosa school were so tough that the teacher couldn't handle them. There wasn't enough money to run the schools anyway. West Georgia College in Carrollton agreed to help with the teaching

Alden Stevens, author and free-lance writer, was with the OFF before the war and worked until the end of 1945 with the Air Transport Command on pilot-briefing films.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem. Students were sent out and they introduced something fairly unexpected in this area—a gearing of education to the problems of the community.

I visited the school at Tallapoosa with D. F. Folger, West Georgia's director of teacher education. It was the same school where the kids had roughed up a substitute teacher not so long before the new system went into effect. While I was there, the children—who had no desks and sat around their teacher in a big circle—told me how they had begged a bucket of paint and did such a good job of painting their school that the whole community caught the "paint-up" fever and made practically every house look like new. The same group had helped figure out how to buy an abandoned diner for a community cannery. Their parents sawed it in half so it could be moved to the schoolyard on a truck, then nailed it together, bought a second-hand pressure cooker and started canning food.

Between these remarkable projects the kids play "folk games" (folk dances are frowned upon because dancing is supposed to be something God doesn't like), sashaying about the schoolroom floor with tremendous verve to "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain," or "Duck for the Oyster, Dig for the Clam."

Money by the bushel

THE CHILDREN in the seventh grade at near-by Smyrna School asked their parents how many sweet potatoes rotted each year in their old-fashioned, earth storage mounds. At school they multiplied the number of bushels by the price per bushel, and none of them knew there was that much money in the world. So they wrote the Department of Agriculture for information about curing houses and got back plans and estimates. The cost of a curing house worked out to almost exactly the yearly loss. The teacher pointed out that they lost not only the money, but the food value and vitamins as well.

Next the pupils asked for, and got, a parents' meeting. They had made handsome charts in class, which they put on the wall. Scrubbed and combed, they rolled off facts and figures before their open-mouthed parents who were as much amazed at the cleverness of their children as they were at how much money they themselves had been throwing away. That same season, the parents got together and built a curing house.

The old folks had been dubious at first about this new-fangled schooling, but after they saw how it fitted into community life one of them said, "If I'd gone to a school like this 'un, I'd a growed up with enough savvy to git my own farm instead of jest bein' a tenant."

New fame for old Taos

ONE of the nation's most urgent problems in recent years has been that of health in low-income rural regions. Starting in 1936, the Farm Security Administration's rural health program grew in five years to cover 100,000 farm families in 35 states. As government support was gradually (or, in some cases, suddenly) withdrawn, the programs had either to end or to be carried on by local citizens.

Taos County, New Mexico, set out to prove that the local program could be carried out successfully as a community operation. The county is famous for the high-tiered Taos Pueblo, from which Indians in white sheets and braids, looking well fed and picturesque, wander into town and are seen around the ancient plaza, with its roofed sidewalks and horses hitched to old Western hitching bars. It is famous, too, as an artists' colony; and in some quarters it is renowned as the home of Mabel Dodge Luhan, who married a Taos Indian and exposed her soul in a series of jaw-dropping books.

It ought to be famous for the Taos County Coöperative Health Association, which, since 1942, when it was organized with Farm Security Administration assistance, has cut by more than one-third the infant-mortality rate, which was more than 98.5 per 1,000 live births (US average: 40). It ought to be famous because, in a region dominated by "padrones" who own most of the sheep as well as the land and who "rent" ewes to sheepherders for a substantial proportion of the lambs, 6,000 out of the total population of 18,000 belong to a health association costing an average of $23 per year per family.

Lithograph by Thomas Hart Benton

(Only farmers and other agricultura workers with gross annual incomes o less than $1,800 are eligible.)

"We have three regular clinics," Ber nard Valdez, ex-beet picker and directo of the association, told me. "They're a Taos, Questa and Penasco. We have on full-time and two part-time doctors, tw Mexican externs and four nurses. Be sides the clinics, we provide hospitaliza tion when necessary at one of th two hospitals in the county, dental worl and visiting-nurse service."

The Taos County Medical Societ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Associated American Artists

"ONE LAND MUST BE THE PROMISE AND RELIANCE OF THE FUTURE" —*Walt Whitman*

thinks the program is getting out of hand. The doctors want administrative control and complain that the program competes with them as doctors under a free-enterprise system. They say the same amount of money would have provided just as much care had the patients paid the private doctor direct and not bothered with the coöp association at all.

Valdez shrugs off these charges. He doesn't even point out that the care was *not* available, the clinics *weren't* established and health was far worse before the Association was formed.

"Our people don't get enough to eat," Valdez says. "They have tuberculosis, dysentery and vitamin-deficiency diseases. Their water comes from open ditches; they have no privies; they're undereducated and many of them are superstitious. Many of them don't trust Anglo doctors, but they come to the clinics because they like the externs, who speak Spanish and are clearly their own people.

"We're emphasizing preventive medicine. The nurses go around telling people to boil drinking water and come in to the clinics when they're sick. We show 'em movies on a soundtruck and play music so they can dance. Lots of them figure that the health association means a good time, so they join and come to the clinics."

Speculators not wanted

THERE'S a new sense of community responsibility which crops up in this nation of traditional boom and bust, get-rich-quick and fast horse-trading. Here and there you find people actually willing to sacrifice their own profits for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the good of the communities in which they live.

Just to feel out the situation, I went in to see a real-estate man in Quincy, Washington, a farming village with an assured future if Grand Coulee Dam, as now planned, provides irrigation water to the land around it. I knew this farmland was price-fixed by the federal government, so I asked him what land was available within the town. He asked immediately, "Why do you want it?" And when I answered, "As a speculation," he almost threw me out of his office. "That's bad for the town!" he roared.

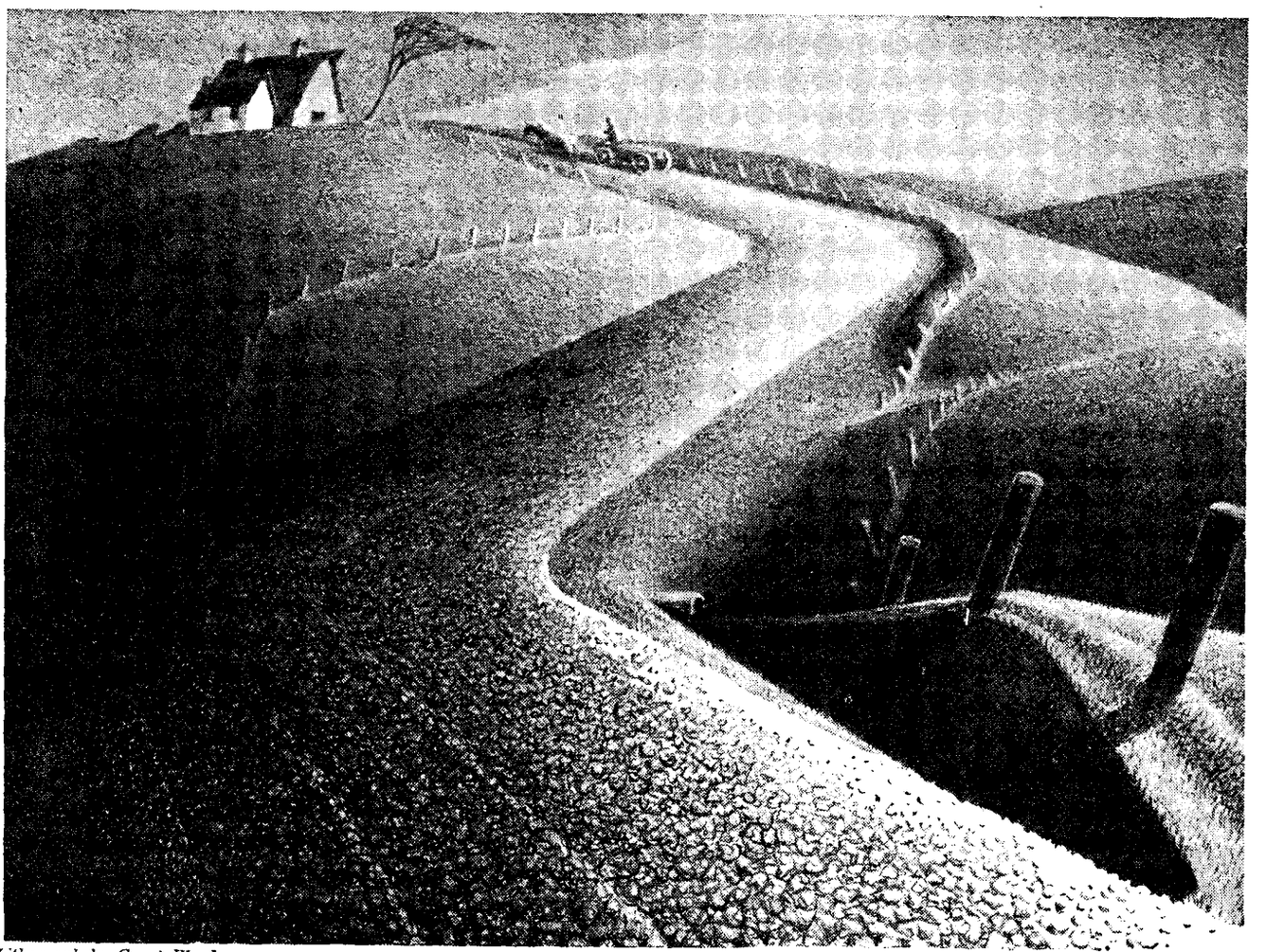
Cushion against depression

WHERE the Missouri crosses the Northern Great Plains—the vast dustbowl wheat belt, punctuated by tall elevators along the railroad—farmers generally favor the Missouri Valley Authority. They know it's a big thing for the country. But several county agents told me that, in North Dakota at least, farmers are more interested in paying off debts, laying aside a year's supply of seed and forming the coöp stores, gas stations, supply houses and elevators they believe will cushion them against the drought and depression they know will come again. These wheat farmers were saved from utter ruin by rain and high wartime prices. They mean to stay saved, and a lot of them think coöps are the answer.

I saw one example of what coöperation can do in an Iowa farm town of 400 people. Any broad coöp development needs an energetic sparkplug, and in this case the impresario was a Catholic priest. If, a few years ago, you had walked into this town's decrepit country store and asked for, say, a horse collar (or almost anything else), the proprietor was sure to reply, "We're just smack out of 'em!" So common was this answer that the little German Catholic community became widely known, not as Westphalia, its proper name, but as "Smackout."

A shack poolroom, two bootleg liquor joints, a few houses and a general air of complete desuetude constituted the town of Westphalia when Father Hubert Duren was sent there. "Most of the folks around here weren't even talking to each other," I was told.

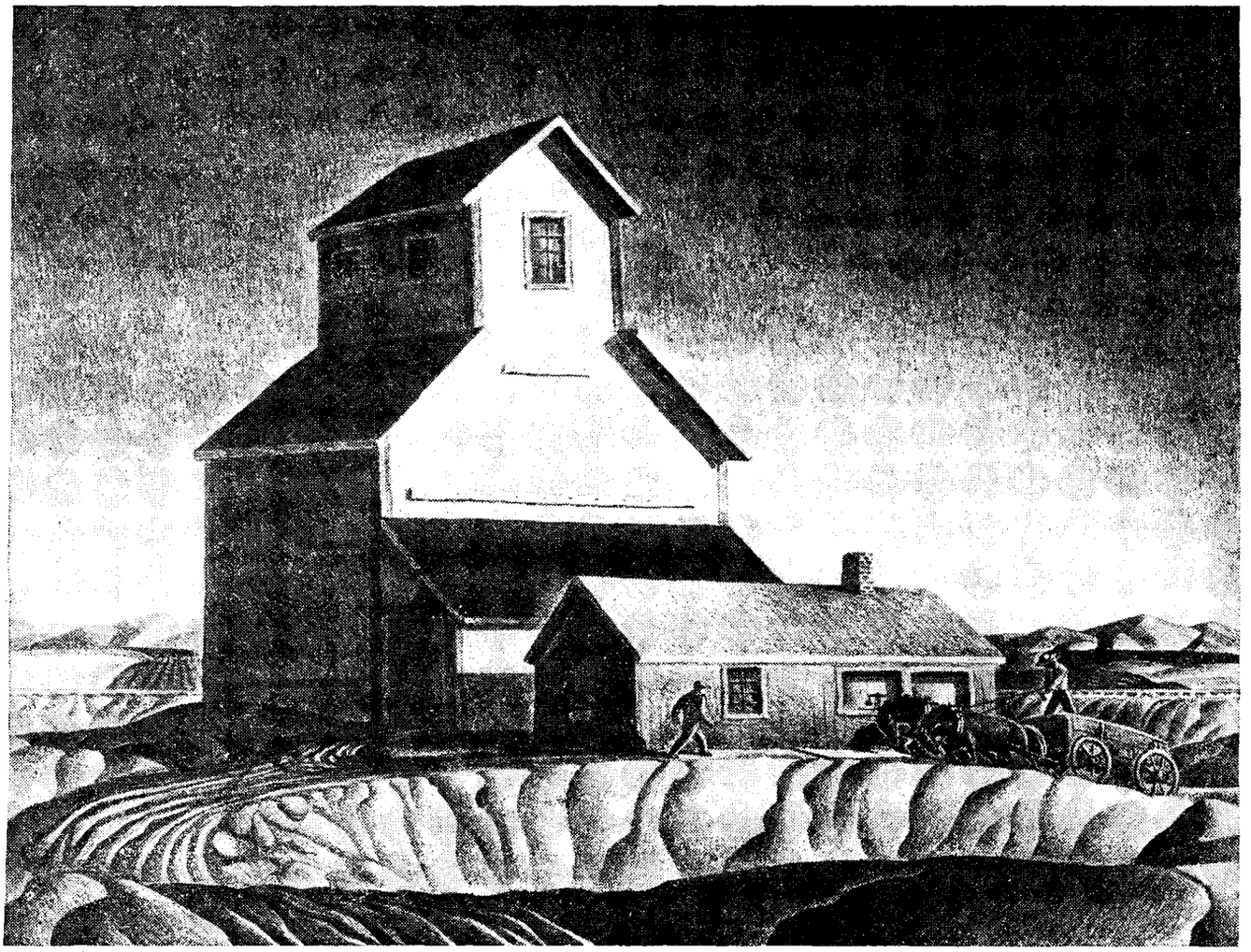
Showing remarkable ingenuity, one of the first things Father Duren did was to start a band. "He lined up all the kids in school, with the tallest at the left and the smallest at the right," a witness reported, "and threw the big horns at the big boys and the flutes and clarinets at the little boys. No one of 'em had ever played a note, as far as he knew, but in one hour he had a recognizable



Lithograph by Grant Wood — *Associated American Artists*

"SING ME BEFORE YOU GO THE SONG OF THE THROES OF DEMOCRACY"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lithograph by Dale Nichols *Associated American Artists*

"AMERICA BRINGS BUILDERS, AND BRINGS ITS OWN STYLES"

version of 'America' coming through."

Father Duren is the composer of such music as the "Iowa Centennial March," officially adopted by the state, "Dear Old Prairie Home," "Will" (to the memory of his old friend Will Rogers), "The Old Logging Trail," "The Sweetest Story Told" and the "Westphalia Pep Song." He often amazes dinner guests by playing a recording of his own voice singing all four parts of one of his own songs. But he proved more than his remarkable musical ability when he got the school band playing. He proved to Westphalians that they could work together.

Since he'd been a lumberjack, he started a coöp sawmill and ran through the first log himself while his band played. They built a grandstand with the lumber and Westphalia soon had a topnotch baseball team—coached by Father Duren.

He founded a coöp store and the members put up a fine modern building, which is rarely smack out of anything and which has recently acquired a freezing compartment and 200 lockers. In 1939 he started a credit union with $25; now it has $140,000 and 325 members. As against four landowners out of the 400 citizens when Father Duren came, land ownership now is practically 100 percent. In place of the poolroom and speakeasies, he established a clubhouse with pool tables, soft drinks, beer and conviviality (no swearing allowed).

The National Catholic Rural Life Conference has been running him ragged with lecture dates, and when he talked in San Antonio, Texas, the Archbishop officially adopted his program for small Texas towns. Westphalia is branching out.

This widespread personal concern with the problem of immediate simple survival is at least partly responsible for the apathy about foreign affairs which many others have noticed in this interior of the United States, and which I noticed, too. Fearing a new depression, people are occupied with the problem of survival. Because prejudice and hatred often lead to violence, they are heard of far oftener—under the American system of news reporting—than the slow, quiet, small projects that bring about better living. But there are little communities all over the country, once run-down and hopeless, which have accomplished near-miracles of self-organization. All that's needed is an energetic citizen with a clear idea. He may be a county agent, a schoolteacher, a union organizer, a beet picker or a priest. Almost any group of Americans, with little or no outside help, can figure out some way to better their town and themselves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Slow Triumph of Sister Carrie

by Malcolm Cowley

Theodore Dreiser's classic first novel was once an unlamented casualty in the battle for American Naturalism

IT WAS in the summer of 1900 that Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser, the two leaders of the Naturalistic school, joined forces for a battle against the genteel tradition in American letters. They lost the battle, lost it disastrously; but they touched the imagination of younger writers and a long time afterwards their allies won the war.

Norris in 1900 was newly married and working hard to finish his biggest novel, *The Octopus*. Meanwhile he was helping to support himself by reading manuscripts for the new publishing house of Doubleday, Page and Company, which had issued his *McTeague* the year before. One of the manuscripts he carried home was that of a first novel called *Sister Carrie*. "I have found a masterpiece," he said to his first caller in the office one morning. "The man's name is Theodore Dreiser."

"I know him," the caller interrupted.

"Then tell him what I think of it. It's a wonder. I am writing him to call."

A few weeks earlier Dreiser had found a masterpiece, too. He had read *McTeague* and had been excited to learn that another novelist was trying to present an unretouched picture of American life. When he went to see Norris in the Doubleday office, he found that they were of almost the same age—Norris was 30, Dreiser was 29—and that they shared the same literary convictions. There was, however, an essential difference between them. Norris had reached his convictions by an intellectual process, largely as a result of reading Zola and deciding that Zola's methods could be applied to American material. Dreiser, on the other hand, insisted that he hadn't read Zola when he wrote his first novel. He had become a Naturalist almost without premeditation, as a result of everything his life had been or had lacked. Unlike Norris he couldn't choose among different theories or move from the drably pitiful to the boisterous to the sentimental. He wrote what he did because he had to write only that or keep silent.

It was a newspaper friend, Arthur Henry, who first persuaded him to write fiction. They used to work at the same table, encouraging each other, and they each finished five or six stories. Dreiser's stories were accepted, not by genteel magazines like the *Century* and *Scribner's*, but by the new 10 and 15-cent monthlies that were less concerned with ideality and good manners. Henry then insisted that he write a novel. Dreiser protested that he couldn't afford the time, that he was too busy earning a living, that no novel of his would be published—and besides, he didn't have a plot; but still he kept pleasantly brooding over the notion. One day in October, 1899, he found himself writing two words on a clean sheet of paper: "Sister Carrie."

MY MIND was blank except for the name," he told his first biographer, Dorothy Dudley. "I had no idea who or what she was to be. I have often thought there was something mystic about it, as if I were being used, like a medium." Then suddenly he pictured Carrie Meeber on the train to Chicago; it was a vision that came to him, he said, "as if out of a dream." But the dream was also a memory, for much of his own life went into the novel. In one sense Carrie was Dreiser himself, just as Flaubert once said that *he* was Mme. Bovary; the little Midwestern girl had Dreiser's mixture of passivity and ambition, as well as his romantic love for cities. More definitely, she resembled one of his sisters, the one who ran off to Chicago, met a successful businessman, the father of two or three grown children—like Hurstwood in the novel—and eloped with him to New York.

Hurstwood's degradation after losing Carrie was another memory, connected with Dreiser's misfortunes in 1895, after he lost his job on the New York *World*. Unable to find other work, he had lived in cheap lodging houses and—before he was rescued by his brother Paul—had pictured himself as sinking toward squalor and suicide. But there was more of Dreiser in the book than simply the two chief characters: there was his obsessive fear of poverty, there was his passion for gaslight and glitter and there was his hatred for the conventional standards by which his big family of brothers and sisters had been judged and condemned. Most of all there was his feeling for life, his wonder at the mysterious fall and rise of human fortunes.

Sister Carrie had the appearance of being a Naturalistic novel and would be used as a model for the work of later Naturalists. Yet it was, in a sense, Naturalistic by default, Naturalistic because Dreiser was writing about the life he knew best in the only style he had learned. There is a personal and compulsive quality in the novel that is not at all Naturalistic. The book is felt rather than observed from the outside, like *McTeague*; and it is based on dreams rather than documents. Where *McTeague* had been a conducted tour of the depths, *Sister Carrie* was a cry from the depths, as if McTeague had uttered it.

It was a more frightening book to genteel readers than *McTeague* had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been. They were repelled not only by the cheapness of the characters but even more by the fact that the author admired them. They read that Hurstwood, for example, was the manager of "a gorgeous saloon . . . with rich screens, fancy wines and a line of bar goods unsurpassed in the country." They found him an unctuous and offensive person, yet they also found that Dreiser described him as "altogether a very acceptable individual of our great American upper class—the first grade below the luxuriously rich." Genteel readers didn't know whether to be more offended by the judgment or by the language in which it was expressed; and they felt, moreover, that Hurstwood and his creator belonged to a new class that threatened the older American culture.

Most of all they resented Carrie Meeber. They had been taught that a woman's virtue is her only jewel, that the wages of sin are death; yet Carrie let herself be seduced without a struggle, yielding first to a traveling salesman, then to Hurstwood; and instead of dying in misery she became a famous actress. *McTeague* had offended the proprieties while respecting moral principles; every misdeed it mentioned had been punished in the end. *Sister Carrie,* on the other hand, was a direct affront to the standards by which respectable Americans had always claimed to live.

THE battle over Carrie started even before the book was published. Dreiser had first given the manuscript to Henry Mills Alden, the editor of *Harper's Magazine,* who had already bought some of his articles. Alden said he liked the novel, but he doubted that any publisher would take it. He turned it over to the editorial readers for Harper and Brothers, who sent it back to the author without comment. Next the manuscript went to Doubleday, Page and Company, where it had the good fortune to be assigned to the man who could best appreciate what Dreiser was trying to do. "It *must* be published," Norris kept repeating to anyone who would listen.

His enthusiasm for *Sister Carrie* won over two of the junior partners, Henry Lanier and Walter Hines Page; and with some misgivings they signed a contract to bring it out that fall. Then Frank Doubleday, the senior partner, came back from Europe and carried the proof sheets home with him to read over the weekend. Mrs. Doubleday read them too, and liked them not at all, but her part in the story is not essential. Her husband could and did form his own opinion of *Sister Carrie.* He detested the book and wanted nothing to do with it as a publisher.

There has been a prolonged argument over what happened afterwards, but chiefly it is an argument over words like "suppression"; most of the facts are on record. Doubleday spoke to his junior partners, who had great respect for his business judgment, and they summoned Dreiser to a conference. Norris managed to see him first. "Whatever happens," he said in effect, "make them publish *Sister Carrie*; it's your right." Dreiser then conferred with the junior partners, who tried to persuade him to surrender his contract. "Crushed and tragically pathetic," as Lanier remembers him, he kept insisting that the contract be observed.

It was a binding document and it *was* observed, to the letter. *Sister Carrie* was printed, if only in an edition of roughly a thousand copies. It was bound, if in cheap red cloth with dull black lettering. It was listed in the Doubleday catalogue. It was even submitted to the press for review, if only, in most cases, through the intervention of Frank Norris. When orders came in for it, they were filled. It wasn't "suppressed" or "buried away in a cellar," as Dreiser's friends afterwards complained, but neither was it displayed or advertised or urged on the booksellers. I think it was in the travels of Ibn Batuta that I once read the account of some Buddhist fishermen whose religion forbade them to deprive any creature of life, even a sardine. Instead of killing fish, they merely caught them in nets and left them to live as best they could out of water. That is about what happened to *Sister Carrie,* which wasn't, incidentally, the first or the last book to receive such treatment from publishing houses that changed their collective minds. One couldn't quite say that it was killed; it was merely deprived of light and air and left to die.

Favorable reviews might have rescued it, but with two or three exceptions the reviews were violently adverse and even insulting. "The story leaves a very unpleasant impression," said the Minneapolis *Journal.* "You would never dream of recommending to another person to read it," said the *Post-Intelligencer* in Seattle. *Life,* the humorous weekly, was serious about Carrie and warned the girls who might think of following in her footsteps that they would "end their days on the Island or in the gutter." *Sister Carrie,* said the Chicago *Tribune,* "transgresses the literary morality of the average American novel to a point that

Drawing by John Sloan *From McClure's Magazine, August, 1905*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is almost Zolaesque." The *Book Buyer* accused Dreiser of being "the chronicler of materialism in its basest forms. . . . But the leaven of the higher life remains," it added, "nowhere stronger than with us."

The book-buying public, most of which yearned for the leaven of the higher life, had no quarrel with the reviewers. The Doubleday records show that 1,008 copies of the book were bound, that 129 were sent out for review and that only 465 were sold. After five years the other 414 copies, with the plates from which they had been printed, were turned over to a firm that specialized in publishers' remainders. That was the end of the story for Doubleday, but not for Dreiser. As soon as he could scrape together $500, he bought the plates of his own novel. He succeeded in having it reprinted by the B. W. Dodge Company in 1907 and by Grosset and Dunlap in 1908. Later it would be reissued in successively larger editions by three other publishers —in 1911 by Harper and Brothers, the firm that had first rejected it, then in 1917 by Boni and Liveright and in 1932 by the Modern Library—and it would also be translated into most of the European languages. For Dreiser the battle over *Sister Carrie* lasted for more than a quarter-century and ended with his triumph over the genteel critics.

From Munsey's Magazine, *1902*

Yet the first years were full of disasters, in spite of the help that Dreiser and his book received from Frank Norris. One English publisher remembered Norris as a man who was "more eager for Dreiser's *Carrie* to be read than for his own novels." Besides trying to get American reviews for the book, Norris kept writing about it to England. A London edition of *Sister Carrie* appeared in 1901 and was enthusiastically praised. "At last a really strong novel has come from America," exclaimed the *Daily Mail*; and there were echoes of the judgment in other English papers.

There was a different sort of echo in New York, a buzz of angry gossip about English critics and their fantastic notions of American fiction. Without the London edition, *Sister Carrie* might have been forgotten for years, but now it was arousing a quiet wave of condemnation among persons who had never seen a copy of the novel. Dreiser found that magazine editors were suddenly uninterested in his articles and stories, which had once been widely published; the new ones were coming back with rejection slips. One editor said, "You are a disgrace to America." The *Atlantic Monthly* wrote him that he was "morally bankrupt" and could not publish there. At the office of *Harper's Magazine* Dreiser happened to meet William Dean Howells, who had always been friendly since the day when Dreiser had interviewed him for another magazine. This time Howells was cold. "You know, I don't like *Sister Carrie*," he said as he hurried away. It was the first occasion on which he had failed to support a new work of honest American fiction.

In 1900 Howells had surrendered to the trend of the times. The great house of Harper, which had dominated American publishing, went bankrupt in that year, and Howells feared that he had lost his principal source of income. But the firm was soon reorganized, with new capital furnished through the elder J. P. Morgan and new editors for most of its magazines. Colonel Harvey, the new president, was determined to make the house yield dividends. He had an overnight conference with Howells, asked him to continue writing for *Harper's Magazine* on a yearly salary and told him, incidentally, that the battle for realism was lost.

Howells, who had been battling for realism since 1885, sadly agreed with Colonel Harvey. Whatever fire there had been in his critical writing was also lost after 1900, though perhaps that was merely because he was growing old. He still had his style, which was better than that of any other living American writer except Mark Twain. He had his almost official position as dean of American letters, but he was no longer the friend and patron of young writers in revolt.

THE failure of *Sister Carrie* in its first edition was part of a general disaster that involved the whole literary movement of the 1890's. One after another, the leaders of the movement had died young or else had surrendered to genteel conservatism. The first of them to go was the novelist H. H. Boyesen, a pioneer of social realism and once a famous figure, although his name is seldom mentioned now except in literature courses; Boyesen died in 1895. Next to go, in 1898, was Harold Frederic, the peppery rebel from upstate New York who, in *The Damnation of Theron Ware,* had written the first American novel that questioned the virtue of the Protestant clergy. Stephen Crane, the one genius of the group, died in 1900 at the age of 29, the victim of consumption, malaria, hard work and hard living.

The dramatist James A. Herne had tried and failed to be the American Ibsen; but at least he had written the immensely popular *Shore Acres* and other plays that introduced daily American life to the American stage. He died in 1901, worn out and discouraged after the presidential campaign of the preceding year, in which he had fought for Bryan and against the annexation of the Philippines. Then Norris died in the autumn of 1902, at the beginning, so it seemed, of a grandly successful career; but he had already given signs, in *The Pit,* of abandoning his Naturalistic doctrines.

All these, except Herne, were comparatively young men and there were very few left to carry on the literary movement they had started. Hamlin Garland, after fulminating against the conservatives in art and politics, had gone over to the enemy by easy stages. Editors had taken him out to dinner and convinced him that his passion for reform was weakening his novels as works of art. Unfortunately Garland was no artist; when he lost his crusading passion he lost everything. Henry B. Fuller, the Chicago realist, remained faithful to his own standards; but his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

novels hadn't sold and he wrote very little for a dozen years after 1900. And it was not only the rebel authors, almost all of them, who had died or fallen silent or surrendered. The little magazines that flourished in New York, Chicago and San Francisco during the 1890's had also disappeared and the new publishing houses had become conventional or had gone out of business. Serious writing on American themes declined into a sort of subterranean existence. Speaking generally, the best American books of the following decade would either be privately printed—like *The Education of Henry Adams*—or else they would be written in Europe.

MEANWHILE Dreiser had narrowly escaped the fate of his brothers in arms. After *Sister Carrie* was accepted, he had begun working simultaneously on two other novels, in a frenzy of production; but slowly he had been overcome by the feeling that he was unwanted and a failure. He had destroyed one of his two manuscripts, put the other aside, sent his wife to her family in Missouri and retired to a furnished room in Brooklyn, where he sat day after day brooding over the aimlessness of life and trying to gather enough courage to commit suicide. This time again he was rescued by his brother Paul, who gave him new clothes and sent him to a sanitarium. After his recovery he became a magazine editor and climbed rapidly in his profession, until, as head of the Butterick publications, he was earning $25,000 a year. It was a long time, however, before he felt strength enough in himself to write another novel.

The story of *Sister Carrie* had a curious sequel. Imperceptibly the standards of the American public had been changing in the years after 1900 and Dreiser himself had been gaining an underground reputation based on his one book. When his second novel, *Jennie Gerhardt,* appeared in 1911 it was a critical and even to some extent a popular success. The struggle for Naturalism came into the open again. Dreiser had new allies in the younger writers, and by 1920 they had ceased to be rebels; instead they were the dominant faction. It was a long and finally a triumphant chapter in the history of American letters that began with the lost battle over *Sister Carrie.*

This is the last of three articles on the beginnings of American Naturalism.
—THE EDITORS

Books in Review

The World Over

REPORT FROM SPAIN, by Emmet John Hughes (Henry Holt and Company; $3).

THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION IN CHINA, by Israel Epstein (Little, Brown and Company; $3.50).

AMERICAN AGENT, by Mark Gayn and John Caldwell (Henry Holt and Company; $3).

THE two countries of the world where the first great popular resistance to international fascism began, while the Western democracies stood in splendid aloofness, still writhe under a yoke of feudal oppression and corruption; this is one of the most depressing thoughts of the disturbing postwar era. Spain and China are today such sad and tortured lands that books adequately reflecting their torment and heroism are bound to make melancholy but dramatic reading, and these three works, with their insight and truth, do not supply cheerful food for contemplation. They are, however, valuable contributions to our understanding of two most distressful countries, the first two works as brilliant studies of the current status of tyranny-ridden nations and the third as an interesting personal sidelight on the recent past.

Emmet John Hughes, the author of *Report from Spain,* is a Catholic who served as assistant military attaché at the American Embassy in Madrid from August, 1942, to May, 1946, and is currently head of the *Time-Life* bureau in Rome. I do not know his work as a Luce reporter, but it should be excellent, for he is clearly a man of courage, integrity, industry, intelligence and clarity of vision. He is the best kind of objective journalist, because his objectivity never becomes pallid neutrality, but is always guided by a frank concern for moral values. Because of his Catholic background and his apparently happy relations with our wartime Ambassador to Spain, Carlton J. H. Hayes, his cold and devastating indictment of the Franco regime is as unexpected and impressive as was that of the British Ambassador, Sir Samuel Hoare, and even more convincing because Hughes writes so well.

As a Catholic, Hughes is particularly worried over the manner in which his church has become entangled in Spanish reaction and the cause of Franco. Defending the history of Spanish Catholicism, he disputes "the arbitrary, vastly over-simplified conception of it as an historic model of clerical reaction," insisting that, on the contrary, in its intellectual heritage for over 300 years "there has been evidence of a vibrant tradition of progressive social thinking and of revolutionary social action." It is only in the last 50 years that the Spanish church, with a few valiant exceptions, has been led by backward-looking and small-minded men, until it has become "a constant accomplice of none but the rich." At present it is one of three reactionary groups, the others being the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

army and the Falange, which stand behind the cruel and medieval regime of Francisco Franco. It is the author's conviction that the main elements of the Spanish clergy, with a profound ignorance of the great tradition of their Church, have a narrow-minded reverence for the greatness of physical force and are completely satisfied because, filled with an all-pervading terror of communism, they are convinced that the Caudillo's army is their one safeguard against radicalism.

FRANCO

Being an unfrightened liberal, Hughes feels that "the strength of a Communist movement in any country depended directly upon the state of that country's social health; that such a movement was both a symptom and inevitable product of grave social injustice; and that a government which was constantly making a public confession of its fear of communism also was confessing its own incapacity to establish a decent social order." Spanish Catholicism, he adds, is in such a state of fear that it includes far more than communism among the deadly perils of the social order, and he quotes the catechism used in all religious instruction in Spain as asserting that "the principal errors condemned by the Church are thirteen: Materialism, Darwinism, Atheism, Pantheism, Deism, Rationalism, Protestantism, Socialism, Communism, Syndicalism, Liberalism, Modernism and Masonry." Hughes is unhappy about this timorous and reactionary Catholicism not only because it seems to him untrue to the finest traditions of the Church, but because when the rule of Franco is overthrown he fears that the Church will suffer for its role in the tyranny as bitterly as it did in 1936.

IT IS, however, not only the Catholic Church which gives aid and comfort to Spanish misrule out of mistrust of democracy and terror of communism. Both the US and Britain, he believes, obviously have the same fear. The time to have overthrown Franco was right after the Allied victory in Europe, when the prestige of the Caudillo had been shattered by the defeat of his friends, whose triumph he had so frequently predicted. There was increasing hope among Spanish liberals when the Labor Party came into power in England. But we and the British had so little faith in our democracy that we took it for granted that if the Spaniards overthrew their dictatorship they would be irresistibly drawn to the doctrines of Moscow, and we satisfied ourselves with meaningless verbal expressions of disapproval of Franco but made no real attempt to do anything about it. Hughes believes that despite their fear of civil war, between 70 and 90 percent of the Spanish people are opposed to the regime of Franco, and, while he does not think that the Republican Government-in-Exile is likely to be returned to power, he feels that the present rule of Caudillo, Army, Falange, and Church cannot last. The bitterly ironic thing to Hughes is that the confusion and timorousness of the American and British attitude toward Spain, distorted as it is by fear of communism and the USSR, merely results in making the prestige of the Spanish Communists and the Soviet Union in that tormented land far greater than it would have ever been without our unwitting tribute to them.

THE curious manner in which, by basing our entire world policy on fear of communism, we increase the influence of the thing that frightens us, is indicated again in Israel Epstein's *The Unfinished Revolution in China*. Epstein, who has spent virtually all of the 30-odd years of his life in China, is an experienced journalist and an able observer with a frankly left-wing point of view, which so far as I know, has never caused even the American China hands most violently opposed to his ideas to question his unusual knowledge and integrity. Assuredly it is a wry sort of tribute to him that even Joseph W. Alsop, the columnist and former aide to General Chennault, who looks on all who question the greatness of T. V. Soong as "wooly-minded," excepts Epstein from his indictment and holds him in high and rather alarmed respect.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Epstein has taken the title of his book from the will of Sun Yat-sen, and he has written a long and provocative commentary on the stormy course of Chinese history since the foundation of the Republic, with particular attention to American foreign policy as applied to China. It is impressive but not encouraging to note that among Americans of policy-making stature only Henry Wallace, ex-Ambassador Gauss and the incomparable General Stilwell seemed really interested in a Chinese government that would represent a free Chinese people and not merely serve as a dubious barrier against the Soviet Union. The book is an interesting and valuable contribution to American knowledge of what is going on in the East and is particularly to be recommended to readers of *Thunder Out of China* as additional homework.

As the first work to concentrate fully on the postwar situation in China, Epstein's book deserves special attention for its report on liberated Manchuria. He is inclined to find it the hope of the country and the most advanced part of the nation. "Formerly the most imperialist-dominated," he writes, "she became the most cleansed, as far as Japanese troops, economic control and quislings were concerned, because the Red Army and peasant guerrillas did not turn the puppets to their own use, as did America and the Kuomintang. In fact there was no Kuomintang there at all to reimpose tight control and save feudalism, so she could get rid of this also.

"Since most of the big Manchurian landowners had been collaborationists, whose property was liable to confiscation, the agrarian reform here was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even more thorough than in China's Communist-led areas, with actual division of estates instead of just rent reduction. No one prevented the enemy from surrendering to units of the people themselves. The tenant farmers turned property owners were free to defend their gains and given the means of doing so." Since the Russians removed but from 10 to 25 percent of the industrial equipment Japan had built for her armed forces, Manchuria is comparatively well equipped industrially, and Epstein does not feel that the Soviet railroad and port facilities are any infringement of Chinese sovereignty. What was once "Manchukuo" may yet lead a unified and democratic China in national progress after the collapse of the Kuomintang dictatorship, which, despite all the United States can do, may well take place startlingly soon.

"AMERICAN AGENT" is Mark Gayn's retelling of the story of John Caldwell, a China-born son of missionary parents. Caldwell represented the US Office of War Information in that no-man's land between the Japanese and Chinese forces—the coastal province of Fukien—in 1942-43. A modest and unpretentious account of a hard-working and serious-minded young man who, despite painful illness, brought the message of America's war effort to a people longing for news of their great ally, it is a well told and entertaining narrative. But its chief interest lies in the glimpse it provides of the Chinese common man who so longed for postwar peace and freedom, and was not to find it.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

Fiction Parade

THE WEATHER OF THE HEART, by Daphne Athas (D. Appleton-Century; $2.75).

RETURN TO NIGHT, by Mary Renault (William Morrow; $3).

DAPHNE ATHAS was 22 years old when she wrote *The Weather of the Heart*, her first published book. I mention this not in extenuation of the book's weaknesses, but to underscore the praise it deserves. It is the story of a young girl's adolescence in a Maine fishing village, and how she reaches a painful maturity through a peculiar relationship with the young village outcast. The value of this book is in the way Miss Athas keeps it at the level of the girl's consciousness and invests the whole with a tone of passion and innocence. The consequent distortion of all the other elements in view supports this dominant impression of hallucination.

Except for an occasional preciousness of language, the author controls her means so deftly for such sure effects that she makes a reassuring claim as a deliberate artist and not just another young lady with a lyric gift musing over her childhood.

FOR *Return to Night* Mary Renault won $150,000 from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Although it may not have been written for the movies, this novel should cause no embarrassment to its adapters. It's a slick magazine-serial romance, of the pretentious variety called "problem" stories, with a maternal twist in the person of an older woman doctor in love with a beautiful young man. ("He looked like the flower of Sparta brought back from Thermopylae on a shield.") An obsession with his own beauty has stopped the hero dead in his tracks, and the medical lover's mission is to "heal" him by the therapy of sex.

The book is rampant with respectable masochism and titillated by a pornographic tease of homosexuality as the cause of the young man's amorous ineptitudes. All this is kept antiseptic by a style of brisk commonplaces and an atmosphere of "realism" invoked by incantation; that is, by the endless recitation of informative detail for its own sake. (For example, when the doctor prescribes a medicine, we are told in a professional aside the components of the prescription.)

Return to Night is representative of that ambiguous fiction which borrows psychoanalytic terminology to describe the simplest emotional situation, and then gets its own back by using euphemistic equivalents as four-letter words.

JOHN FARRELLY

The Chinese

THEIR HISTORY AND CULTURE

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

A third edition, revised and enlarged, of the standard history of China. It has been brought up to date in the light of historical events and new knowledge of China which research has revealed during the eleven years since the second edition was issued.

Scholars and critics alike recognized *The Chinese* as an authoritative work. M. S. Bates said in the *American Historical Review*, "In fullness, quality and modernity of treatment...the work stands alone. Nor is it likely to be surpassed for longish years." The *New York Herald Tribune Book Review* said, "Mr. Latourette writes with clarity and simplicity, without sacrificing dignity. The scholarship is in content rather than manner. It is an easy book to read, and worth reading."

$7.00 at all bookstores

MACMILLAN

The Best Way to Get Started

WRITING FOR MAGAZINES

Develop the writing habit under the personal direction of an experienced writer or editor

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, a private school completely owned and operated by successful editors and writers, offers a series of fascinating assignments designed to get you started and keep you writing. They are sent regularly to your home, where you work on them in spare time. They give you a chance to polish your style the way professional writers polished theirs—by writing continually.

You may concentrate on either short story or article work, advancing as rapidly as your ability warrants. Every assignment you submit is returned with detailed criticism.

Canadians may make tuition payments in Canadian funds. Fill in coupon and mail today.

VETERANS: THIS COURSE APPROVED FOR VETERANS' TRAINING

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, Inc.
Dept. 46-E, 30 Rockefeller Plaza,
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send free catalog, without obligation, to:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

☐ Check here if eligible under G.I. Bill

(Inquiries confidential. No salesman will call)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Farm

The Great Land Boom

THE conference on farm-land inflation called early in June by the Secretary of Agriculture at the President's suggestion, locked the barn after the horse had been stolen. The land boom might have been checked three or four years ago, but it's too late now. Truman became alarmed because farm land throughout the country is priced at almost double what it was during the years 1935-39. After the First World War, farm land went 70 percent higher than it was in 1912-14. The two post-war peaks are about the same, since farm-land prices in 1912-14 were at a higher level than they were in 1935-39.

Case histories of individual farms illustrate how land inflation ruins the farmers. Here is the story of two farms, one of 310 acres and one of 160 acres. In 1909 the 310-acre farm was sold for $100 an acre by a farmer who had lived on it for 35 years. In 1913 it sold for $145 an acre; in 1914 for $151, and in 1916 for $188. In 1920 a farmer bought it for $395 an acre. He made the down payment by mortgaging his own farm of 160 acres, which he owned clear. Then came the 1921 crash. The farmer, after years of great hardship, lost the 160-acre farm in 1927. He managed to hold on to the 310-acre farm. Then in 1933 the bank and insurance company took it, too.

The bank sold the 160-acre farm in 1931 for $170 an acre (losing $4,800 on the deal) to a farmer who was saved in 1933 by the State Foreclosure Moratorium Act. The farm sold for $200 per acre in 1943 and last March it was resold, this time to a tenant farmer who borrowed from a local bank to pay $300 an acre for the land.

The history of these two farms is similar to that of hundreds of thousands of others. During the middle twenties there were five times as many foreclosures as there were before the war, and in 1932, 15 times as many. During this period thousands of farms were sold for taxes. In Sequoyah County, Oklahoma, where I lived, two-thirds of all the farm land reverted to the county. During the depression my mother went down to the courthouse to pay her taxes and was told by the county treasurer that not one farmer in 20 could pay his taxes that year. Although a part of the farm collapse in eastern Oklahoma can be traced to the boll weevil and low prices, a lot of it was due to land inflation. My uncle, a country banker who was wiped out in 1927, purchased a bottom-land farm for $6,000; the next year he sold it to my father for $9,000. Six months after this my father was offered $15,000 for it, and a year later, $18,000. He unwisely refused to sell, and during the depression the farm became completely unsalable. In those days you could buy a good farm in Sequoyah County for $1,000. Finally, when the country began to recover a little under Roosevelt, my mother sold it on terms for $5,000.

THERE are significant differences between the present inflation and the one following the First World War. This time those buying farms are in a better financial condition. More than half of all farms purchased are paid for in cash. Interest rates are relatively low—four to five percent—and the bank deposits and currency of farmers have increased from $3,908 million in 1940 to $13,991 million in 1946. In addition, on January 1, 1946, farmers held more than $5 billion in savings bonds and $1 billion of equities in coöperatives. Total farm-mortgage debt declined from $9 billion in 1932, to $6.5 billion in 1940, to $5 billion in 1946.

The dark side of the picture is that the mortgage debt has begun to climb again and many farms have been sold at more than double their real value. It is estimated that during 1946 the loan in one out of every seven sales has amounted to 75 percent or more of the purchase price. In one sale out of three in 1946 the loan covered 50 percent or more of the sale price.

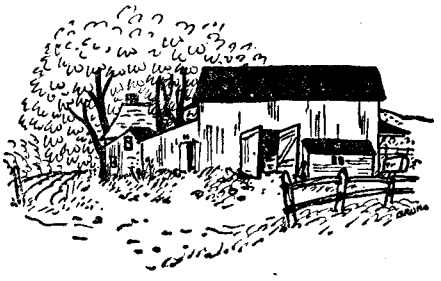
Several years ago, Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard called attention to land inflation and did what he could to stop it. Various credit agencies refused to lend money on inflated land and put out circulars on the subject. Even the American Bankers' Association reminded farmers of their previous experience and warned them to go slow, and Senator Guy M. Gillette (D, Iowa) introduced a bill providing a stiff capital-gains tax up to 90 percent on resales. But few paid any attention.

Some good in individual cases was done by the Farmers' Home Administration, which refused to lend money on inflated land. It geared its loans to 75-cent corn, $1 wheat and 10-cent cotton. If a farmer couldn't pay out at these prices, it wouldn't let him have the money.

Unfortunately the House of Representatives knocked out every dime of the $35 million which President Truman had recommended should be appropriated for farm purchases, in spite of the fact that more than 50,000 veterans have applied for loans to buy farms and only 9,000 of these applications have been satisfied. The excuse given was that since the President had called a conference on farm-land inflation, it would be unwise to set aside any money for farm purchases. It is hoped that the Senate will restore at least a part of the funds.

MOST economists do not expect a crash soon. They point to high prices, which, together with cheap money and the shortage of good farms, cause farms to be in great demand. Foreign trade is likely to keep up for a while and, until the farm prices break, land prices will stay high. But economists do agree that the farm-land price bubble will eventually burst. Their only disagreement is when.

ANGUS MCDONALD



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Radio

Rainy Sunday

RAIN on a Sunday raises Hooperatings. More people stay home, more radio sets are tuned in, and the rest is a matter of arithmetic.

This Sunday I stuck pretty close to NBC, catching the "Quiz Kids" at 4. Mutual's "Juvenile Jury," which used to precede this show, is already off until September, & I should have loved to play these back-to-back.

The "Quiz Kids" show this time led me to some serious reflection, which is a luxury at any time, especially on the Sabbath. Their guest was a lady from Jackson, Mississippi, who had been selected as Teacher of the Year. Much of the lady's share of the performance was given over to the fact that, in addition to a $2,500 prize which she is going to use very wisely, she received outfitting and servicing by some of Chicago's best apparel shoppers, coiffeur artists, cosmeticians, etc.

That part of the show did enough plugging to entitle it to a place alongside "Queen for a Day." But something was added, too. The sponsors (Miles Laboratories, makers of Alka-Seltzer) and the show's producers permitted the schoolmarm from Mississippi to focus subtly on the plight of American teachers in general. The lady has taught school 24 years. She computed her present weekly salary, on a 12-month basis, at exactly $35.54. She must eke out her hats and handbags by selling tickets three hours each evening at a local movie house. I don't know another medium of entertainment on which the injection of that kind of fact would not sour the entire performance. Here, on radio, the fit was perfect. The show was better for the implied sermonette.

I stuck to NBC (4:30 p.m.) because I wanted to hear "The Author Meets the Critics," which, as I warned here a couple of months back, has now hit the big league. It deserves its spot. Martin Stone, the producer behind this package, abetted by the network's script chief, Richard McDonagh, has endowed the former local show with a lot of verve. Under discussion this Sunday was *Thunder Out of China,* by Theodore H. White and Annalee Jacoby. A brief dramatization pointed up what the authors think of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, which is not at all complimentary. Then a Harvard professor who likes the book mixed punches with a stuffy patrioteer representing the opposite view. The two authors came in with their own jabs, and they weren't all left either. White and Jacoby insisted stubbornly on sticking to facts, which seemed very unsportsmanlike in the face of their opponent's choice of the red herring as his principal weapon. It all made for a fast half-hour of swell radio, and should have sold some copies of the book—which is one object of the show.

The technique of defense against facts through red-herring attack sent me to a rereading of Judge Justin Miller's latest set-to with the Federal Communications Commission. Judge Miller (he used to be on the federal bench) is president of the National Association of Broadcasters and gets $50,000 a year for hating the FCC. A year ago last March, when Miller was still new in his job, the FCC presented him his Great Cause in the form of its "Blue Book." That book is, in part, a severe indictment of broadcasters' practices, their inclination to over-commercialization, their forgetfulness when it comes to implementation of beautiful programming promises. Miller has been consistent. All this is "Communist" talk. In his most recent manifesto, Miller declares: "The Blue Book was seized upon avidly by crackpots, Communists, and rival advertising media, who proceeded to heap ridicule upon broadcasting and broadcasters generally."

JUST so I wouldn't be suspected of having sold out to NBC, I turned to CBS at 6 p.m., and listened to the season's première of "Silver Theatre." International Silver, which buys that half-hour, keeps "Ozzie and Har-

The Wine of Violence
an Anthology on Anti-Semitism
by NATHAN ZUCKERMAN

...violence of chains, pogroms, gas chambers... of deportation, quotas, gentlemen's agreements...

Here is that grim record — why and where anti-Semitism develops, what keeps it alive, how it grows and spreads. Here too is the record of men of good will — how anti-Semitism can be curbed and stamped out.

This anthology, covering centuries, brings together the opinions of hundreds of men and women representing every age and tongue — Jew and non-Jew, great and small — on the nature and causes of anti-Semitism and the practical steps to be taken to resolve it.

Everett R. Clinchy says it is "an arsenal of ammunition for all who wish to join in the struggle for justice to the Jew." $5 *at all bookstores*

Association Press
347 Madison Avenue, New York 17

LIMITED EDITION

A collector's item... for Wallace admirers

NEW WORLD THEME
HENRY WALLACE'S famous speech—*The Price of Free World Victory*; a Comment by Jay Allen; and Lewis Mumford's *The Task of Tomorrow*. In a beautiful book issued by the Grabhorn Press; edition limited to 200 copies, hand-set in Goudy Modern, printed in 3 colors on handmade paper, size 13 x 10 inches. Price $10.00. Order from James Ladd Delkin, Box 55, Stanford University, California, or write for descriptive circular.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

VACATION with PAY-OFF
JULY 19-27

An opportunity to combine relaxation with learning at ASILOMAR, CALIFORNIA, on the Pacific, between famous resorts of CARMEL and MONTEREY. Classes in Economics, Political Action, Civil Rights; swimming, games, beach parties, singing, music, drama, movies and prominent speakers. Trade unionists especially welcome. $40 and $48 for entire session includes everything. Reservations until July 10. Space limited. $10 required with each reservation. Summer School followed by 4 weeks concentrated classes in San Francisco for those interested.

CALIFORNIA LABOR SCHOOL
216 Market Street San Francisco, Calif.

Holiday in Mountains of
NORTHERN NEW MEXICO

Ideal for artists, writers and musicians who want complete privacy and/or an opportunity to participate in the creative program of the San Cristobal Valley School.
Furnished cabins available. For details write:
BOX 214, SAN CRISTOBAL, NEW MEXICO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESORTS

Low Winter Rate in Effect Until June 27TH
All aboard the fun-bound special... so near-by—just 50 miles away—yet out-of-this-world for fun, relaxation, luscious food. All sports, twin lakes.

FOREST HOUSE
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y. TEL. MAHOPAC 688

ALLABEN
NAPANOCH, NEW YORK
All the Little Things That Make a BIG Vacation
ALL SPORTS, SWIMMING, ORCHESTRA, SOCIAL STAFF
Excellent cuisine • Ellenville 625

MERRIEWOODE
A Camp for Adults Stoddard, N. H.
FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT: Beautiful Highland Lake, 10 miles long, with good fishing and free use of boats and canoes; interesting hiking objectives thru woodland trails; fine tennis and handball courts, badminton, shuffleboard, archery, riflery, croquet, ping-pong, square dancing.
FROM JUNE 14th TO 28th RATE $45 WEEKLY
OLIVE H. G. BARON, Dir.

Deuel Hollow House
WINGDALE, N. Y. Phone 3691
In Berkshire foothills, 75 miles from N. Y. City on N. Y. Central R. R. Off beaten path, delightful hiking country. Delicious food served on terrace overlooking our private lake. Tennis, volley-ball, badminton, boating, swimming and fishing. Complete informality. Adults.
SPECIAL JUNE RATES
RAIZEL COHEN DAVID SACKS

CAMP ANNISQUAM on picturesque bay at Gloucester, Mass., offers an intimate, unpretentious adult camp for your vacation. Salt water bathing on premises. Jewish-American cuisine. Write for booklet to Abram Resnick, Gloucester, Mass.
CAMP OPENS JUNE 17

THE WOODLANDS
PHOENICIA, NEW YORK
Re-opening for summer May 29
FOR the SPIRITED: hiking, swimming, tennis, ping pong, handball, volley ball, trout fishing, archery.
FOR the LAZYBONES: Sound movies, modern library, recordings, open fireplace, siesta chairs, good eating.
JUNE RATE: $45 WEEKLY
• Tel.: Phoenicia 33F4 • Siggie Goldner •

BYRAM LODGE
ARMONK, N. Y. Tel. Armonk Vill. 906
Only 35 miles from N. Y. C. in Westchester. Completely remodeled, all conveniences, new furnishings. Beautyrest mattresses, all sports, bowling.
Rates $60 weekly; $10 daily. American plan
American-Jewish Cuisine
N. Y. Office: 11 West 42nd Street PE 6-3243

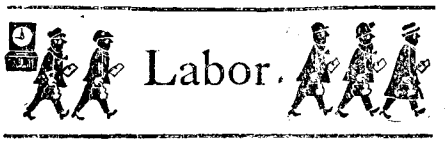
○ OTHER RESORTS LISTED ON PAGES 33 & 34 ○

riet" on it through the regular season. "O&H" provides a felicitous stanza of easygoing family fun and charm. But the replacement concerns romance—corny romance not quite good enough for the *Saturday Evening Post* nor smart enough for *Esquire*. Excellent actors are used, emphasis being placed on casting some of radio's well known stars. Those I heard were Jay Jostyn, whom you may know from "Mr. District Attorney" (which, incidentally, stays on for the summer, NBC, Wednesdays at 9:30 p.m.), Staats Cotsworth of CBS's "Crime Photographer," and Mary Jane Higby, of "When a Girl Marries." On this trip, their fine talents were wasted.

At 7:30, I was back on NBC to listen to another hiatus debut, "Rogue's Gallery," which rides the Fitch Bandwagon while Phil Harris and Alice Faye vacation. This "Gallery" is papered with super-slick, super-sophisticated detective fiction, Barry Sullivan playing a smart, private flatfoot who sticks his neck out instead of letting the regular cops tend to their business. He has a girl friend who is a newspaper reporter and likes to comfort him with kisses between mayhem. It's in the "Thin Man" tradition, and you may like it if you care for the genre.

I relaxed for the next half-hour (8 p.m.), still on NBC, with Alec Templeton standing-in for Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. Templeton's pianistics, the backing of Daniel Saidenberg's orchestra, the singing of Milena Miller and Ben Grauer's doubling as commercial spieler and show stooge made for a very enjoyable period. Templeton can make music, and he can also, with the help of Saidenberg, make hilarious musical nonsense. Miss Miller as guest fell beautifully into the spirit of the show. And Grauer's contribution was that of a capable showman.

Incidentally, if you want to hear Grauer undiluted for about five minutes or so a week, put July 20 down on your calendar. That's when Walter Winchell starts a month's vacation. The ABC network's Sunday 9 p. m. time will be split among Edward Thorgerson reviewing sports, a fashion expert, and Grauer reviewing the news. SAUL CARSON



Crossed Wires

A MAJOR jurisdictional battle over 500,000 telephone workers is now launched between the CIO and the Communications Workers of America (independent), the organization which grew out of the more loosely connected National Federation of Telephone Workers.

The old NFTW was torn for years by internal conflict about its independent—and isolated—status. At its Galveston convention last year, the federation tried to settle the issue, at least temporarily, by rejecting affiliation with either the AFL or the CIO and trying to improve its own organizational structure. Precisely two months before the CWA was scheduled to come into existence, the situation was complicated by the telephone workers' strike.

In the aftermath of the strike, in which the NFTW failed to win its basic demand for industrywide bargaining with the giant AT&T, the CIO moved. Allan Haywood, organizational director of the CIO, set up a Telephone Workers' Organizing Committee. Some 19 unions of telephone workers were represented at the first meeting of the TWOC, but not all of them agreed to go along. The independent NFTW did not collapse; it proceeded with its national convention at Miami Beach last week at which it set up the CWA. So both the TWOC and the CWA are now in being. Dual unionism—or multiple unionism, rather, since individual AFL and CIO unions previously had been active on a small scale in the telephone workers' field—will dissipate the efforts of the AT&T's employees to match in their union structure the consolidated strength of the corporation.

The CIO-TWOC seems likely to have, at the beginning, a solid core of perhaps 75,000 members—the majority drawn from the American Union of Telephone Workers (long-lines employees), Western Electric workers and a group of 28 locals in the Association of Communications Equipment Work-

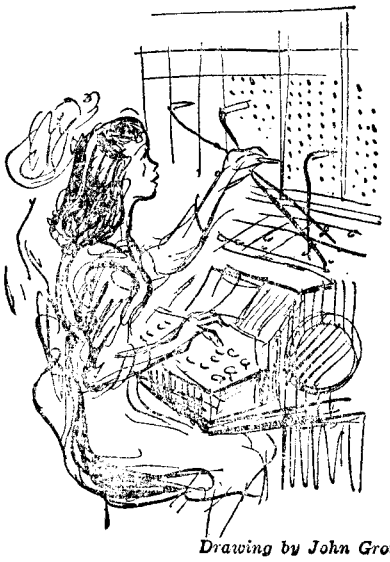
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers. The CWA, in the Miami Beach convention, announced a dues-paying membership of 161,000.

THE complexities of the situation are suggested by actions of Southern telephone workers' delegates at the CWA convention. The Southern leadership is in favor of affiliation with the CIO. But it is also influenced by the argument that telephone workers should not be split into warring groups over the issue. So the Southern Federation of Telephone Workers joined the CWA, but also proposed two resolutions—one for a change in the brand-new CWA constitution, making affiliation with some national labor group easier, the second calling for a prompt referendum on affiliation with either the CIO or the AFL. The chances of a favorable vote in a referendum are extremely doubtful.

Some CWA officials, including those generally sympathetic to the CIO's industrial unionism, deplore the sudden organization of the TWOC as a major, and perhaps irreparable, blunder. "It simply makes harder," one of these officials said prior to the Miami Beach convention, "the struggle about the gravitation of telephone workers toward full membership in the labor movement." Other critics say that, if the CIO had held back, the CWA itself would have failed in its organization convention. Some conservative telephone workers' locals, which previously had not committed themselves to the CWA, affiliated as a reply to the CIO.

One explanation advanced by CIO spokesmen for Haywood's move is a clause in the new CWA constitution requiring a majority vote of the entire membership—not just those present to vote—for affiliation with the CIO or the AFL. Both the CIO and some telephone workers' unions felt that an organizing drive had to be undertaken in advance of the CWA's formation, or never. Southern spokesmen tried and failed to get this constitutional provision changed at Miami Beach. Union competition, some labor tacticians say, is not wholly bad. They argue that the division between the CIO and the AFL, for example, has increased the membership of each. It remains to be proved, however, that competition will work well in the telephone industry, where unionism had always suffered from the fierce insistence of locals for a high degree of autonomy.



Drawing by John Groth

ANOTHER merger move developed last week within the CIO itself. The Farm Equipment Workers proposed a merger with the numerically more powerful United Automobile Workers, under the condition that the UAW set up a separate division to cover all locals with contracts in agricultural-implement plants—both those now in the FEW and in the UAW's own agricultural-equipment locals.

The merger is logical from a CIO standpoint because it would not only end an old jurisdictional struggle between the FEW and the UAW but would strengthen the CIO's position in the agricultural-machinery field in relation to the independent International Association of Machinists. A possible political effect is that the merger would aid the opponents of the UAW's president, Walter Reuther. The FEW is generally considered a left-wing union.

THE *Wall Street Journal* reports that, as part of the Greek-loan program, a labor "adviser" will be appointed to "sell" the American idea of trade unions to half a million Greek organized workers and make Greek unions "so democratic" that they will tolerate neither Communist nor Fascist leadership. How much difficulty will the labor "adviser" have in explaining the "American idea" of the Taft-Hartley bill?

WILLARD SHELTON

RESORTS

"A VACATION FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY"
ALLABEN ACRES
ALLABEN, N. Y.
THE INFORMAL ADULT RETREAT
DAY CAMP for CHILDREN
(COMPLETE PROGRAMS)
● All Sports—Private Lake
● Gay Entertainment—Dancing
● Delicious Food
● Friendly Atmosphere
● Open Fireplaces
● Library— Recordings
EARLY RESERVATIONS—June 15 to Sept. 15
SOPHIE JANOV OL 2-4134 | FRANCES & HERMAN SCHWARTZMAN KI 6-1971

SCHROON CREST
IN THE ADIRONDACKS
POTTERSVILLE • NEW YORK
Bob Adler & Staff of Stars; Al Sheer & Orch.; Harry Gottlieb, Artist; Folk Dancing; Cozy Bar; Private Sandy Beach; Canoes; Bicycles; Horses; 5 Superb Tennis Courts; All Sports; New Dining Room & Lounge.
N. Y. C. Phones: MAin 4-8570 or MAin 4-1230
INFORMAL ADULT CAMP on SCHROON LAKE
LEAK OKUN, Director

YOURS! A little more than EVERYTHING!
PRE-SEASON RATES THROUGH JUNE
MAKE SUMMER RESERVATIONS NOW!
ALL SPORTS (professionally equipped)...riding, too...indoor recreations, good eating, merry company, entertainment staff, musicales, open-hearth fires, cheery quarters (regular or de luxe).
WOODBOURNE, N.Y. Tel. WOODBOURNE 1150
CHESTERS SUNBARG
A DELIGHTFUL HIDEAWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS

Stonegate LODGE
ON LONG LAKE, N. Y.
Resort Estate in the Adirondacks. Limited to 99. 14-mile lake. Pollen free. All sports. Informal social, cultural activities. GEORGE KLEINSINGER, guest artist. Rates $65 to $85. N. Y. Office: 150 Nassau Street, WO 2-2900. Louis A. Roth, Director

PLUM POINT
Vacation Fun, Eyeball High
on the majestic Hudson
• seasonal sports
• delicious food
• gay informality
55 MILES FROM NYC • NEW WINDSOR, NY • NEWBURGH 4270

THE FOREST HOUSE
EAST BOOTHBAY, MAINE
Ideal vacation for refined and cultured people. Bathing, boating, fishing. Excellent Viennese-American cuisine. Weekly rates $35.00 to $42.00. American plan

○ OTHER RESORTS LISTED ○
ON PAGES 32 & 34

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESORTS

MAUD'S
SUMMER-RAY
North Branch Sullivan County, N. Y.
Telephone: Callicoon 95 or 148
MUSIC, DRAMA, SPORTS, TENNIS, LAKE
ORCHESTRA, COCKTAIL LOUNGE
William Gailmore, lecturer July 19th
Gala July 4th Weekend
For travel information, rates and reservations,
Call City Office:
Daily GRamercy 7-5039 Sunday GRamercy 5-2473

HATHAWAY LODGE
OPEN ALL YEAR
Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate in the beautiful "Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Tennis courts, handball, badminton. Swimming pool, sun pavilion. Horseback riding. Golf course nearby. Delicious Jewish-American food. Easy transportation.
Attractive Rates
For reservations or booklet write or call
HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y.
Telephone: Tannersville 299

GREEN ACRES LODGE
CENTRAL VALLEY, N. Y.
. . . A Picturesque Estate . . .
Diversified Book and Music Library
Swimming Pool . . . Golf
AN ADULT RESORT 45 MILES FROM N.Y.C.
TEL. HIGHLAND MILLS 3071

MASTEN LAKE HOTEL
WURTSBORO, N. Y.
THE GOLDSTEIN FAMILY
Formerly of
HOFFMAN HOUSE AND HOTEL GLASS
in South Fallsburg

GOLDBERG'S
LOCH SHELDRAKE, N. Y.
For an Informal June Vacation
DIETARY LAWS OBSERVED
Telephone Hurleyville 177

35 MILES FROM NEW YORK CITY
BREEZEMONT PARK
ARMONK, N.Y.
"A Country Estate in the Scenic Hills of Westchester County"
The nearest of all nearby resorts. Exclusive location. Luxuriously furnished. Dignified. All sport activities. Excellent cuisine.
Phone Armonk Village 955 — 973

HOTEL CAPITOL, LIVINGSTON MANOR, NEW YORK. Boating, bathing, fishing, all sports. Modern hotel with all facilities. July and August rates $40 to $48 per week. 4th of July week-end $24 for 3 full days.

VERMONT VACATION

ETHAN ALLEN FARM offers simple living, beautiful countryside, to a few guests. Interracial. $35 week. Write, Miss Reland Gray, RFD 2, Chester, Vermont.

○ OTHER RESORTS LISTED ON PAGES 32 & 33 ○

Movies

Chillers

WITH some assistance from Universal-International, Harry Kurnitz, the writer (in detective fiction he is Marco Page), and Michael Gordon, the exhaustively trained, imaginative director, have created "The Web," a picture toward which I am inclined to be sympathetic. It isn't an eighth as good as these bright boys should have been able to make it, but it is much better than the homicidal junk we've been trapped with lately. "The Web" is unpretentious, with a carefully selected cast, and its reality is not only just around the corner; it sometimes comes right into the room with you.

The cop is played by William Bendix —an Italian lieutenant on a metropolitan police force. He is as good as in life he would have to be, and no better, and he solves the crime and generally goes about his business with a nice balance. He is not chummy with the suspected murderer, nor does he covet the girl. He doesn't shout orders nor once resign from The Force. He does get an inspiration at the last minute, and I'm not sure what brought it about, but in the main he acts like a rational cop and I was glad to make his acquaintance.

Edmond O'Brien ("The Killers") plays the lawyer-bodyguard with a conscience. He is a good actor, and when the motivation gets so thin even he can't skate on it, he has such a manner and such a familiar, plain face that he makes you see what you know isn't there. This observer is all for characters in movies who look like someone you might conceivably have seen on the street or known somewhere, which doesn't mean that in a long life we may not run into non-actors who look like the exotic leading man.

Poor Edmond O'Brien is another victim of the girl-with-a-gun-in-his-apartment sequence that I complained about here last week. In this case, the girl has enchanted a janitor into letting her into the hero's rooms. Anyone who has ever house-hunted knows how difficult, and how expensive, it is to commune with a janitor at all—much less make him undertake anything as adventurous as opening up the second-floor rear because a guy needs shooting. It's implausible, to be good-natured about it.

Vincent Price plays the villainous industrialist, and I have reached a limited number of conclusions about Price. One is that he isn't a very good actor. I have seen him give only two good performances, which for a high-priced thespian with an impressive name is hardly enough. He was fine in Helen Hayes's "Victoria Regina" and with Judith Evelyn in "Angel Street." Ella Raines in "The Web" is giving an impersonation of the Chandler heroines, and beats them hands down at their own game. This is a thinking, adroit actress, and it must have amused her to do such a thing.

"THE WOMAN ON THE BEACH," with Charles Bickford, Joan Bennett and Robert Ryan, hasn't enough suspense—dark, morbid or otherwise—for the thriller it's supposed to be. A painter, who may or may not be blind, maltreats his wife whom he describes, not very originally, as "beautiful on the outside and rotten on the inside." A young coast-guard lieutenant, still nervous from being torpedoed and wounded, gets mixed up with them when he runs into Peggy Butler (Joan Bennett) in the shadow of a beached destroyer. The officer, Ryan, is attractive and Mrs. Butler knows all about suffering, so they hit it off right away.

It's one of those long movies in which at first meeting the lovers agree they had better not see each other again and then go on rubbing elbows for reels and reels. Bickford would interest me if he were working in a diver's suit because, as an actor, he knows so thoroughly what he's about, but the whole production seems to be under a pall, and the actors drag themselves through the murk to the end. The end is what I liked: Butler burns his house and his paintings, an impulse I'd had intermit-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tently, his wife passes up the young man, and the couple goes off somewhere, presumably to beat each other up in less bleak surroundings.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

AS ONE who knows William S. Gailmor from his radio activities, I had hopes for "The Great Betrayal." His association with that picture, as co-author of the commentary and as narrator, was advance intimation that Palestine and its tragedy was at last to be handled by responsible people.

Instead, "The Great Betrayal" founders on the rocks of film experimentation that puts more emphasis on tricky angle shots than on making sense. There are some minutes of clean filming at the end of this full-length documentary, but few members of an ordinary audience would sit still long enough to see the sensible footage. Gailmor's commentary is good, but too wordy. Put the whole thing down as a sad mistake.

S. C.

WORTH SEEING

CHARLES CHAPLIN in "Monsieur Verdoux"—Not the great achievement expected, but anything this artist chooses to do is worth your attention.

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET—Edmund Gwenn as Santa Claus does a good publicity job for Macy's and Gimbel's and manages to be delightful in the process.

THE MACOMBER AFFAIR—Gregory Peck, Joan Bennett, Robert Preston. A filming of the famous Hemingway story of cowardice and libido on African safari that is good enough to make you wish it were great.

SAVE YOUR EYES

THE EGG AND I—Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray in a poultry show that proves again how bad Hollywood can be.

DUEL IN THE SUN—There has been monstrous publicity for this film in which Gregory Peck bites a horse's ear in Technicolor.

TIME OUT OF MIND—Phyllis Calvert, Robert Hutton. Made by Robert Siodmak, who also did "The Killers." He should hang his head. Or perhaps just examine it.

Henry Wallace

(Continued from page 13)

father was the first man to get a high price for new daffodils; he showed one to Queen Victoria, who said it was the most beautiful flower she had ever seen. "So he asked her five guineas for it," Jan says, "and she gave it to him."

Fifteen years ago Jan came to America to live, choosing Oregon because the climate was right. He bought a derelict farm on credit and began breeding hybrids, slowly building up his reputation. He bought more abandoned farms and fixed them up during the winters. By mechanization he reduced labor costs to European levels. Today 700 acres of rich valley land at the foot of Mount Hood are made brilliant by de Graaff's six million daffodils in bloom—Sierra Snows, Moonglows, Coralies—in all, 1,500 varieties, many grown from de Graaff's own seedlings. He breeds scientifically: "I almost get lost in higher mathematics," he says. He needs patience. Five years after planting, the first flower appears in a daffodil; for a really good new variety, another 10 or 15 years are needed to produce enough bulbs to put on sale. De Graaff's best experiments will yield him, personally, nothing. "They are for my grandchildren," he says.

DRIVING through these wonderful fields of Oregon, we came to the tiny cabin where a great American hero, Evans Carlson, spent his last days. His was in the main a life of dedication and sacrifice without limit for the concept of the true brotherhood of man. To pay lip-service to that concept, and to practise it, are two very different things. To preach that concept while serving as part of a rigid caste system in the armed forces, to practise it under fire when lives were at stake, to suffer punishment for it, took more than vision and more than courage. It took greatness, and Carlson will be honored for his greatness in the world democracy that is to come.

H. W.

MANHATTAN
ALHAMBRA
COLISEUM
81st ST.
86th ST.
58th ST. Bet. Lex. & 3rd
HAMILTON
125th ST.
REGENT
RIVERSIDE
23rd ST.
BRONX
CASTLE HILL
CHESTER
FORDHAM
FRANKLIN
MARBLE HILL
PELHAM
ROYAL
WESTCHESTER
MT. VERNON
NEW ROCH.
WH. PLAINS
YONKERS
BROOKLYN
BUSHWICK
DYKER
GREENPOINT
KENMORE
MADISON
ORPHEUM
PROSPECT
REPUBLIC
FILYOU, Coney Is
QUEENS
ELDEN, Jamaica
MIDWAY
Forest Hills
Keith's Flushing
Keith's Rich. Hill
Strand, Far Rock.
MANHATTAN
COLONIAL
B'way & 42 St.

RKO
"Arresting screen fare."—N. Y. Post
LARAINE DAY
ROBERT MITCHUM
'The Locket'
—and—
Randolph SCOTT • Anne JEFFREYS
'Trail Street'
Based on WM. CORCORAN Novel

Dick Haymes
VERA-ELLEN
Cesar ROMERO Celeste HOLM
'Carnival in Costa Rica'
in TECHNICOLOR
—and—
'Tarzan and the Huntress'
JOHNNY WEISSMULLER
BRENDA JOYCE

RKO ALBEE FULTON & DeKALB BROOKLYN NOW
RONALD COLMAN
'The LATE GEORGE APLEY'
From MARQUAND-KAUFMAN Play
—and—
'BEDELIA' MARGARET LOCKWOOD IAN HUNTER
From VERA CASPARY Novel

WILLIAM HOLDEN • JOAN CAULFIELD
"Dear Ruth"
with BILLY DE WOLFE • EDWARD ARNOLD
MONA FREEMAN
A Paramount Picture
IN PERSON
PERRY COMO
LLOYD SHAFFER and his ORCHESTRA
HELEN CARROLL and the SATISFIERS
LARRY STORCH • THE FOUR EVANS
PARAMOUNT
Times Square • Midnight Feature Nightly
55th

STAGE PLAY

"A ribaldly entertaining evening"
—George Jean Nathan
MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The Nation's Brilliant Comedy Smash
by GARSON KANIN
AIR-COND.
NEW YORK • Lyceum Theatre
CHICAGO • Erlanger Theatre

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAMPHLETS

NOTHING WRONG with the world but us. Nothing wrong with us but—What then defeats us? (Free Pamphlet) Dranaherald, P. O. Box 172 (R.N.), Sta. W, New York 24.

WHAT CAUSES "defective communication" in writing? Were literary critics Spingarn, I. A. Richards, Croce justified in evaluating fiction by comparing author's "intention" and result? Valuable discussion. Free. Box 954, The New Republic.

LANGUAGES

29 LANGUAGES by Linguaphone, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese — Direct conversational method of mastering any language quickly, easily, correctly at home. Available under GI Bill of Rights. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 86 RCA Bldg., New York. CI 7-0830.

SPANISH, Russian, Polish, Hebrew, Norwegian, Dutch, Swedish, Japanese. 21 other Phonograph Language Courses. **All makes bought, sold, rented.** Free price list. A Alin, 475 5th Ave., New York, MU 3-1093.

TRANSLATOR

EXPERT TRANSLATION: Russian-English, English-Russian. Literary and Technical. Call weekdays 9-5 GR 3-1806.

GUIDANCE

INTERESTED IN PERSONALITY-EVALUATION? Write for free pamphlet. Alfred Reiss, Ph.D., 680 Fort Washington Avenue, New York 33.

TYPING

MANUSCRIPT AND THESIS TYPING, intelligent, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th St., N. Y. C., PL 3-1364.

RESEARCH

SOCIOLOGY, HISTORY: You name the problem, I do the research for you and prepare your speech, publication, bibliography. European-American background. Fee or share of profit. Box 867, The New Republic.

"GOOD NEIGHBORS" WANTED

CHOICE ACRES are offered much below developer's prices. Write Chester Rick, Peekskill, New York. Tel. 2515-M.

FARMS & ACREAGE

BERKSHIRE Farm AGENCY, East Chatham, N. Y. Farms and estates. Massachusetts-New York Berkshires (Tanglewood Country). Consulting broker for organizations.

AUTO TOUR WANTED

MALE, New Yorker, pining for the open spaces, would make liberal arrangement with car owner for 3-4 week's tour. Address: Box 952, The New Republic.

BOOKS

"THE TECHNIQUE of the LOVE AFFAIR" 207 sophisticated, priceless pages! $2.50 postpaid. Remit. Mead Company, 200 West 20th St., New York 11, N. Y.

CIGARETTES

CIGARETTES—popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.45 per carton; postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange B, N. J.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

HANDWRITING EXPERT: Top references. Send ten lines and signature in ink for vocational and character guidance. Two dollars. Charlotte Phillips Gordon, Box 1154, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

MESSENGER SERVICE

BONDED MESSENGERS

Courteous, fast, reasonable. Specializing in PUBLISHING, ADVERTISING, TRAVEL PUBLICITY. Since 1936. Allied Messenger Service, Main Office, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, COlumbus 5-4324—5—6.

United Nations News

The UN and the Legmen

AROUND the horseshoe table where the Economic and Social Council usually sits, the delegates from the 11 nations designated to investigate the Palestine crisis were taking their places. For newspapermen sitting in the rear of the chamber on freshly painted, newly cushioned seats, this was the beginning of part two in the Palestine saga—one of the biggest and by all odds the most exciting story the UN had given the press. There was no one way to cover the complex situation; it had a million facets and it would be a running story for at least the next six months.

In the press gallery, reporters clustered around Matt Gordon of the UN Press Division, bombarding him with questions about committee members, the chairman, the opening session. In a booth behind the press gallery, newsreel cameramen recorded the meeting. Down in front, the daily-press photographers pleaded with delegates for one more picture, encouraged Audrey Langston and her assistant, Gladys Wienick, UN photo liaison officers, to spell the names and suggest shots. At the Secretariat table, up front, George Barnes, head of the UN Press Division, was talking to two of his press officers, Nikolai Bulavin and Margaret Comstock, who represent two out of the 42 nationalities in the Department of Public Information as a whole.

Teletype machines began to send out the stories almost as soon as Trygve Lie had pounded the gavel to open the session. It was where the meeting left off, however, after Lie had suggested that the committee go into closed session, that the real reportorial work began.

Reporters filed out of the press gallery for more information. Two of them stopped in the press bar to deplore closed meetings over a beer. Three rushed into the corridor to buttonhole delegates before the closed session began. A few drifted into the Delegates' Lounge (where beige drapes camouflage the cinder-block walls of the Sperry Gyroscope war plant) to ask Moshe Shertok of the Jewish Agency what he thought of the meeting.

Back in the working-press section, reporters were already rushing their stories off for the late afternoon editions. Len Berry and Roger Bayldon, from Barnes's press staff, had background material and advance releases. "Covering a UN meeting," as an old reporter said after his first trip to Lake Success, "is a cinch. The Press Division hands you the material on a silver platter—no digging at all—and everybody's a rewrite man only."

ON SOME occasions the press releases won't help. There are stories that require material on what doesn't happen in a meeting. Tramping down miles of corridors, through tunnels, around the alphabetically marked office zones is a long, slow process and quite often fruitless. There is a growing tendency on the part of Secretariat officials to refer all questions back to the Press Division, even when they concern material that Barnes's staff doesn't pretend to cover. "I can't talk," one official said recently. "All information is released through the Press Division." Reporters who have covered both the League of Nations and the UN admit that the UN is nowhere near so frightened about talking as the League used to be. "But of course the UN hasn't had as much time to develop its red tape," a cynical newspaperman remarked.

One change in the Department of Public Information personnel may serve to improve the efficiency of the department, and, at the same time, remove some of this red tape. Wilder Foote, who has been dealing with the daily press as public-relations officer for the US delegation, comes into the department in August to "coördinate production activities." He knows the UN press corps and what they want. He also knows the UN Secretariat personnel. His appointment may help to bridge a growing gap between the two.

JANE BEDELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

The Acheson Story

SIR: The other night I sat down to read belatedly the May 12 issue of the *New Republic*. I was particularly interested in Richard Strouse's piece on the Dean Acheson blunder by the Associated Press and the United Press, which contained two references to Minneapolis and the Minneapolis *Star* that are both in utter error in their facts and in their implications.

The story was in a sense local for us, because Acheson's questioner was Representative Walter Judd of Minneapolis. So there would have been plenty of reason for us to place it on page one. But because we wanted to treat it conservatively and responsibly, we used the story on page two (not page one, as your piece says). We put on it a two-column caption: "Communism Anywhere Called Threat to U. S." We did not, as your story says, or implies, use the words "Red," "Red-dominated," "peril," "imperil" or "regime."

As you know, the rectification of the story did not arrive for use in the *Star* that day. On the next day the erroneous story, which had been printed on page two in the *Star*, was corrected on page one. We devoted four paragraphs to setting the record straight, and said in boldface type, "Acheson was quoted erroneously as saying, etc. . . ." (Your article contended that the *Star* "featured the false story in a Friday edition and carried no corrected story or retraction in the corresponding Saturday edition.")

The facts, you see, as to what the Minneapolis *Star* did with the story differ completely from what you told readers of the *New Republic*. And since the whole purpose of the piece is to discuss correction of journalistic mistakes, I know that you . . . will want to meet the standard which you properly hold up for newspapers by giving the same prominence to this rectification of your error.

GIDEON SEYMOUR,
Vice-President and Executive Editor,
Minneapolis, Minn. Minneapolis *Star*

[The Minneapolis *Star* played the Acheson story on page two, as Gideon Seymour writes, and not on page one, as my story suggested. This is my error, and an inexcusable one.

Mr. Seymour's other two charges don't hold up quite so well. I don't think my story implied that the Minneapolis *Star* used any of the loaded words in its headline. After mentioning papers in 10 cities, including Minneapolis, that had "treated the statement Acheson never made as front-page news," I wrote: "Most agreed on the way it should be treated," and gave figures on the use of loaded words. "Most" does not seem to me to mean "all."

I'm certain that some edition of the *Star* carried the page-one correction, but the only editions that I was able to obtain in New York City or from Minneapolis failed to carry it. The edition of the *Star* that is distributed regularly in New York carried the Acheson story on Friday and no retraction on Saturday; my statement that several papers, including the Minneapolis *Star*, "featured the false story in a Friday edition and carried no corrected story or retraction in the corresponding Saturday edition," therefore was and is true. On receipt of Mr. Seymour's letter, I wrote the *Star* for copies of all editions of the paper for both days. The *Star* sent me copies of only its Final Edition, which carried the false story on Friday and no retraction on Saturday. – R. S.]

A Correction from Dr. Sitte

SIR: I was surprised to find in the second article by William H. Mizelle about President Peron's atomic-energy projects [the *New Republic*, March 31] my name quoted as "an Austrian scientist who was forced to leave Germany because his part-Jewish origin was distasteful to the Nazis." May I point out that all these statements are uncorrect? I am a Czechoslovak, not an Austrian; I was not forced to leave Germany, but very much forced to live there—in prisons and concentration camps all the time since the occupation of my country until the fall of the Nazi regime; and I am not of part-Jewish (or Jewish) origin, but was distasteful to the Nazis because of my anti-fascist activity.

The inaccuracy of Mr. Mizelle's statements would be of no significance if it would concern only my person (and I certainly would not mind to be quoted as an Austrian Jew); but unfortunately this quotation produces a serious distortion of the real picture. While it might happen that even a half-Jewish scientist would support an attempt at fascist revival, aware or unaware of this attempt, nobody who knows my record would even for a moment believe that I should take part in such a project. It may be that Peron plans a secret development of atomic weapons—I don't know about that. But there can be no doubt that neither Dr. Beck nor myself has anything to do with these alleged plans, and it seems to me that this strengthens the conclusion that the other scientists invited to teach at the new Institute for Telecommunications at Buenos Aires University are likewise in no connection whatsoever with atomic projects. . . .

Manchester, England K. SITTE

BARROWS DUNHAM
is receiving rare praise for his remarkable new book
MAN Against MYTH

Albert EINSTEIN
"It is an instructive, amusing and courageous book whose success is most desirable in the public interest."

Dorothy PARKER
"It is a great book, and I do not throw around the word 'great'."

J. B. S. HALDANE
"Professor Dunham has cleared a swathe in the forest of myths."

Donald Ogden STEWART
"A gay book, a deep book, a wise book. A philosopher's stone to throw at all liars."

Albert GUERARD
N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review
"At the present time, when myths are leading us straight to war and to curtailment of all our freedoms, this clear and vigorous call should help rally the dismayed forces of sanity and good will."

A keen, witty, engaging analysis of some of the social illusions which rob mankind of abundance, equality and peace.

$2.50 at all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music

Lucretia in Chicago

THE name of Benjamin Britten, the 33-year-old, fair-haired boy of English music, gained wide currency in this country last summer when the American première of his opera "Peter Grimes" was given at the Berkshire Festival. Although "Peter Grimes" was reasonably well received, its success by no means lived up to the advance claims that had been made for it. The music plainly showed Britten's remarkable flair for dramatic expression, yet in many important technical regards it was too much the work of a gifted amateur.

On June 1 in Chicago an enterprising group known as the Opera Theatre presented the first American staging of a more recent Britten opera, "The Rape of Lucretia," which has already been given 130 times in England in nine months. "The Rape of Lucretia" is not only a more arresting and more vitally beautiful work than "Peter Grimes"; it is a composition of almost unbelievably greater professional skill and sureness.

Ronald Duncan's libretto is derived without essential plot change from the familiar story as it is found in Livy and Shakespeare. The four scenes show successively the wager made by Tarquinius, Etruscan prince of Rome, to two fellow soldiers that he can conquer Lucretia, the only virtuous wife left in Rome; the intrusion of Tarquinius into Lucretia's home while her husband is away; the rape itself, presented with no attempt at reticence of detail; and Lucretia's suicide after she has confessed her impurity to her husband.

Two solo singers, a soprano and a tenor, take over the function of the classic chorus, interpreting and commenting upon the story from the sidelines. A curious, pervasive Christian mysticism colors their part of the text. Although the action took place in about 500 B. C., the audience is asked to "view these human passions and these years/With eyes which once have wept with Christ's own tears." Although there is no reason to doubt Duncan's, or Britten's, sincerity in thinking this an important framework, many listeners seemed to be unconvinced that the classical story gained either power or meaning from the introduction of the element of Christian moralism.

In the main, however, the libretto is both natural and poetic, which is the rarest and most virtuous of combinations in an opera book. The music stems from great operatic traditions, with strong echoes of both Purcell and Verdi, yet its ideas are fresh, striking and very much Britten's own.

Under the direction of Paul Breisach, an excellent musician to whom the Metropolitan did not give adequate opportunities when he conducted there, the Chicago performance was impeccably prepared, with first-desk Chicago Symphony men to give tonal radiance to the instrumental parts, and with a competent cast whose best members were Regina Resnik as the Female Chorus, Frank Rogier (lately of Menotti's "The Telephone") as Tarquinius, and Marguerite Piazza as a soubrette named Lucia. There is some talk of performances by the same cast in other cities next fall.

ANOTHER of the year's distinctive new operas, Kurt Weill's "Street Scene," is now available on phonograph records (Columbia MM-683, six 12-inch records, $7). Since the excerpts were chosen by the composer himself, the album gives a sense of the dramatic integrity and continuity of the score which is missing from the usual potpourri collections of musical-comedy hit songs. Maurice Abravanel conducts the orchestra with as much ardor as though the recording session had been the opening night in New York. Except for Norman Cordon, who is under contract to Victor, the original cast sings the music. Polyna Stoska's voice is enchanting, though two or three spots sound tired; Anne Jeffreys sounds better than she does on the stage; and Brian Sullivan sounds just as well, though I cannot help wondering how he will negotiate the taxing tenor role of Beethoven's "Fidelio" in the Central City, Colorado, festival this summer. Instead of appearing in the "Street Scene" album, Norman Cordon sings a variety of standard oratorio bass solos in the stuffed-shirt manner which is held to be appropriate to them (Victor M-1094, three 12-inch records, $3.85).

CECIL SMITH

Bandwagon

Money Talks Big

TO THE MAN OR WOMAN WHO WOULD LIKE TO BE MAKING $10,000

Confidence in yourself is one of the great assets. . . . How can you get self-confidence? . . . This secret source of your belief in you, lies in a ten-dollar bill—or larger if you please—tucked away in an Inner Sanctum wallet.—*From an advertisement in the New York* Herald Tribune.

Open Wide!

On Saturday Dr. van Minden will discuss the effects of the atomic bomb on the mouth.—*From the Chicago* Sun.

Nightmare

Divorce Court Judge John Wallington accepted as a fact Major Patrick P——'s evidence that he found his wife asleep in bed with Thomas C——, riding master. But he ruled there had been no misconduct because "they have nothing in common except their mutual interest in horses."—*UP dispatch from London.*

Signs of the Times

Stanley Woodward, thirty-five, was arrested on a drunken-flying charge today after his stunts over the Atlantic City Naval Air Station allegedly caused his passenger to suffer a heart attack.—*UP dispatch from May's Landing, New Jersey.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.*—THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED